JOHN BULL, JANUARY 21, 1933

TWOPENCE
Vol. LIII.
1388.

THE NEW TALE OF TWO CITIES SEE PAGES 20 & 21.

JOHN BULL

free!

Toilet Tumblers with every 1/- tube of

Odol

Tooth Paste

Choice of many Art Colours

EBONY • MAROON • CORAL
PINK & GREEN (*Mottled*)
GREEN & YELLOW (*Mottled*)
ORANGE

Obtainable at all High Class Chemists

Garland

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW YEAR GIFT OFFER!
Hurry! Hurry!
OFFER DEFINITELY CLOSES JAN 31
John Bull
New Year
Gift Voucher
VALUE
5/-
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as Five Shillings in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until January 31st, 1933.
10/- for 5/-
JANUARY 31st is drawing very near. No applications for our Great Gift Offer can be accepted after that date. Cash your Free Gift Voucher before it is too late. Don't lose a minute. Hurry!
The 5/- Gift Voucher will be accepted as 5/- cash in part payment of "John Bull's" magnificent 10/- Writing Set de luxe OR the 2/6 Gift Voucher as 2/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set.
WHICH SET WILL YOU CHOOSE?
Make up your mind quickly, and send in your application to-day.
5/- WRITING SET FOR 2/6
Admire the handsome chasing of the Pen, the superb finish. The self-filling device is the very latest and the 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, will give years of writing joy. A 5-years' written guarantee is sent with each pen, proof of its great reliability. The "Everpointed" Pencil to match completes with refills and pocket clip is a perfect companion.
10/- WRITING SET OFFERED FOR 5/-
The graceful streamline, the superb finish, greatly enhanced by the rolled gold band and pocket clip, is a delight to the eye. The pen is fitted with heavy 14-carat solid gold nib, tipped with costly iridium. An up-to-date lever self-filling device is also of rolled gold. The "Everpointed" Pencil to match has the same beautiful streamline, and is complete with pocket clip and extra leads. This set is enclosed in a handsome presentation case, beautifully coloured with butterfly tints. A 5 years' written guarantee is sent with each De Luxe set.
20 YEARS' SERVICE.
"Should this pen last me as long as my previous 'John Bull' pen—i.e., 20 years—I shall be more than satisfied," writes T. B. WILKINSON, 11, Bedford Street, Ipswich, Suffolk.
John Bull
New Year
Gift Voucher
VALUE
2/6
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until January 31st 1933.
5/- for 2/6
Cash Your Gift Voucher To-day.

"John Bull's" New Year Gift Coupon.
To "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept. J.11, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/6, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 2/9 in all.
Pocket Clip for Pen 3d. extra.
OR
(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value Five Shillings, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 9d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.
CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.
Name.....
Address.....
.....
Fine—medium—broad nib (Cross out grades not required).
Cross Cheque/P.O. /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull" J.B. 21/1/33.

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 35.

THE WORLD'S MOST CONVENIENT AERIAL
NO WIRES NO POLES—INVISIBLE.
A Revolutionary Idea in Aerials. Equal to an outside aerial at the same height. Just unroll it and press it up in position around room or anywhere you like—and it sticks—one pull and it's down and leaves no mark. No danger from lightning, reduces static interference and increases selectivity. From your wireless dealer
BRITISH PIX COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 120), 118/19, SOUTHWARK STREET, S.E.1.
PIX INVISIBLE AERIAL.
2/- DOUBLE LENGTH 3/6
IDEAL FOR USE IN FLATS

RUPTURE
The pads used on practically all rupture supports are Ball or Oval fronted, which press into the broken tissues and actually prevent the parts joining, instead of helping nature to heal the rupture. Mr. W. Blunden, the World-Famous Rupture Expert, has now invented a pad which has already astonished the rupture world. This Illustration of a typical Blunden Pad shows the unique design and entirely different principle.
A. Owners actual Rupture Opening.
B. Pad thicker here. Therefore more protection is given.
C. Thinner part of pad—positive safeguard against extension of break.
These pads are extremely light and comfortable to wear.
Test it before you pay!
You are invited to try the Appliance for seven days Free. Send no money. Approved Position usually allow the whole amount. Rupture booklet sent free. Write now or call.
BLUNDEN SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (Dept. 1292), Head Office: 9/15, CHEQUER STREET, LONDON, W.1. Branches: CROMFORD HOUSE, HARKNESS ST., MANCHESTER.

THE ORIGINAL READICUT RUG WOOL
OUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE FREE OF CHARGE or in Hanks if preferred.
Cable and 6-fold. 100 shades.
FROM 1/- PER LB.
Send a postcard for FREE Rug Book, containing 33 coloured Rug Designs and Samples of Wools, Canvas, etc.
READICUT WOOL CO., Dept. J.B., OSSETT, YKS.

TWO POUNDS SAVED
£3-10s CASH or TERMS
I save you at least TWO POUNDS on any cycle and you choose from the largest selection in the world. NO CHARGE for ACCESSORIES. Carriage paid. Write NOW for free copy of the most marvellous cycle catalogue ever published.
Dept. J.B. COVENTRY.

THORN SALE
GARDEN SHEDS FROM 29/- OR 27/- CASH CARRIED
A novice can erect. Complete ready for use. 6 positions to bolt together. ½-in. planed matched weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied. Delivery to door can be arranged anywhere.
Long. Wide. High. Cash Sale Price.
6ft. 4ft. 6ft. £2.19.6 or 5/6 monthly.
8ft. 5ft. 6ft. £3.17.6 or 6/6 monthly.
10ft. 7ft. 8ft. £6. 0.6 or 10/6 monthly.
Carriage Paid. Send for Special Sale Catalogue, No. 65, of Sheds, 27/-; Garages, 75/-; Army Huts, etc., showing huge reductions. Over 1,000 sizes and designs.
J. THORN & SONS, Ltd. (Near 66) Bromstone Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

SURPLUS STOCK WOOL
THRUMS. 5,000 lbs. All Wool Turkish or Persian 2-Fold Thrums. Lovely colourings. 1/- lb.
Superfine Six Fold Turkish in colours for making designs, 2/4 lb.
Silky Cable Rug Wool, 1/1½d lb.
Sports Wool from 2d. oz.
Rug Canvas Remnants all widths Half Price
Illustrated instructions and samples free.
STODDARTS (Dept. J.) EMPIRE WORKS, HALIFAX

WINTER SALE SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK
2 Woolly Blankets 90x70
2 Bolton Sheets 90x70
2 White Pillow Slips 30x18
1 White Bolster Case 40x20
1 Art Printed Bedspread
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
2 Chamois Polishers
2 Dainty Handkerchiefs
1 Pair Art. Silk Hose
1 Willow Pat. Duchess Set
All Double Bed Size.
Buy direct from our mill for service and value.
CARR. FREE. 20/- CASH or C.O.D. or single bed size 18/-
FREE GIFT of lovely WARMER DOWN QUILT sent with each Bale.
Damask tablecloth also free if cash with order.
PATON MILL Co., Dept. B. Paton St., MANCHESTER

FOR 1 WEEK ONLY AT COST
To advertise our catalogue, we offer you a smart rubber soled moulded shoe at the cost price of 3/11, post 9d. To render waterproof, the stout rubber sole is moulded to the upper, making it impossible for the severest weather to penetrate. We guarantee months of hard service. Send for a pair now. Recommended for mechanics, country wear, golf, warehouse, or smart City wear.
Black or Tan.
Sizes 6 to 11.
3/11 Post 1 or 2 pairs 9d. or C.O.D.
Money Back Guarantee.
NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD

196 Page Book on GARDENING & POULTRY KEEPING together with our latest Illustrated Price List FREE
Poultry Houses from 10/6
Greenhouses from 45/-
OUR PATENT PACKING & DELIVERY
BATHS from 22/6
S.F. Sutton & Sons, Ltd., Seedsmen Street, London, W.C.2

AVOID WINTER ILLS
THIS EASY, INEXPENSIVE WAY!
no doctor's bills or medicines!
FOR EITHER SEX.
The new "WARMA" belt protects the Kidneys, acting as guard against colds, chills, 'flu, rheumatism, sciatica, pains, lumbago. Absolutely invisible in wear. Made from finest soft warm materials, downy, light. Preventible is better than cure. Get one to-day and remain robust, healthy throughout the Winter.
Post free. EACH 1/6
2 for 2/6. 3 for 3/6.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
J.B., CROYDON STORES, 2/h, Derby Rd., Croydon

FROM 5/3 Per Month REQUIRED ON FIRST PAYMENT

THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage Paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections. Strong, planed, moulded, rebated weather boards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 6 payments	or 12
6ft.	4ft.	6½ ft.	£2 17 6	10/-	5/3
6ft.	6ft.	6½ ft.	£4 7 6	15/3	8/-
8ft.	6ft.	7½ ft.	£5 1 6	21/3	11/2
10ft.	7ft.	7½ ft.	£6		

BIG CATALOGUE of Portable Buildings, Free
F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms, 49-53, Oxford St.

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 34

BEASLEY'S MATERNITY CORSETS
STRONGLY ADVISED BY DOCTORS and MIDWIVES.

NORMAL childbirth is assisted with this Belt, which provides uplift, facilitates breathing and movement, and allows natural expansion and contraction. Suitable also for nursing mothers, and for after-pregnancy support, also for prolapse, weak muscles and obesity.

In Pink Broche: Perfectly adjustable by back and side lacing; easily removable front in material or elastic (state which preferred); 4 suspenders. To 36 in. waist 47/6 (O/S 5/- extra.)

In Superfine Silk Broche (O/S 7/6 extra.) 67/6

Every belt made to individual measurements. Give waist, hip and depth required. Order now, or write for Corset Booklet to :—

BEASLEY CORSET Dept. 88, 26, CHARING CROSS RD. W.C.2

NAIL BITING

stop it!

Your Nails are the Index to Your Character.

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently cure yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: 'Your treatment is miraculous' Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage

THE FILTEX TREATMENT (Dept. J.B. 7)
284, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

SENT FREE

SOLID SILVER GENT'S WATCH.

Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Specially tested before delivery. Smart SOLID SILVER CASE and handsome figured dial. Strong, double width leather strap. Bargain price while stocks last, 27/6; luminous dial, 29/6. 2/- discount Cash with order.

All watches are fully warranted for 15 years

LADY'S WATCH

Same jewelled accurate movement as Gent's Watch. Dainty SOLID SILVER CASE, moire silk band and fancy dial. Wonderful value, 29/-. On solid silver expanding bracelet, 31/6. Send for one of these reliable watches to-day, and see it before you buy—7 days after receipt pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly. 3/- discount Cash with order. *Write for Catalogue*

HOME & DOMINIONS SUPPLY CO. (Dept. J.B.), 6, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

FREE HALF HOSE!

For one week we are offering 2 Pairs Socks Free with every pair of weather-resisting shoes. Uppers have exact appearance of imitation grained leather. Stout rubber soles and heels moulded to uppers. Our soles warranted 3/8th in. thick. Guaranteed absolutely wet-proof and good for many months' wear. Black or Brown, wide welts. Warmly lined to keep feet cosy in cold weather.

Men's sizes 5 to 12

3/6

Post 9d.

Ladies' & Children's sizes same price.

Sent C.O.D. if preferred.

Satisfaction or money back.

ROSE BROS. (Dept. J.B.) 69, Church St., CROYDON

CROYDON STORES for BEST VALUE!

TRIPLE WEAR FOOTWEAR AT AMAZINGLY LOW PRICES!!

To introduce our many "bigger value" lines, we offer these fine shoes at a ridiculously low price far below their real value. Stout sole and heel of hard wearing rubber and polished uppers exactly resembling leather but more lasting and infinitely more comfortable. Absolutely wetproof, most comfortable shoe ever produced. Must be seen to be appreciated. Sizes 4 to 11 for men and women. PER PAIR 2/11

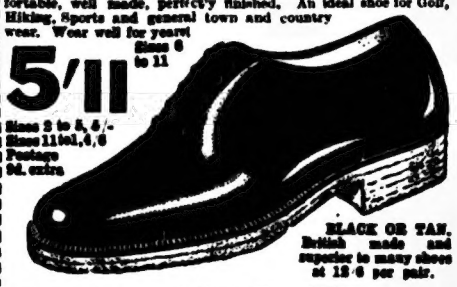
Postage and packing 6d. extra

Sizes 11 to 3 for children, with lighter sole. Per Pair 2/6

Fine Willow Shoe, solid leather through middle sole with extra thick soles and heels of natural crepe rubber. Extremely comfortable, well made, perfectly finished. An ideal shoe for Golf, Hiking, Sports and general town and country wear. Wear well for years!

5/11 Sizes 6 to 11

Sizes 3 to 5, 5/- Sizes 11 to 1, 6/6 Postage 9d. extra



BLACK OR TAN. British made and superior to many shoes at 12/6 per pair.

HOUSESHOES FOR COMFORT AND ECONOMY

Just the thing for wear in the house, garden, factory, warehouse and hospital. Perfectly finished with solid rubber heels, soles and flexible uppers with Patent Leather appearance. A more comfortable shoe does not exist. Ideal for those troubled with tender feet, corns, bunions, etc. Definitely wetproof. Get a pair today and know what foot comfort really is.

Sizes 3 to 7. PER PAIR 2/6

Postage 9d. extra on one or two pairs.

Also Fashion Shoe (lace or 1 bar, with Cuban heel, 3/6.

25/- SOLID RUBBER WELLINGTONS

Ideal for Farming, Fishing, Shooting, Stables and Garage Work.

Huge cash purchase enables us to offer these high-grade Wellingtons at less than half original price. Superior in quality and finish to any being offered below 35/-. Knee length, with triple reinforced ankle and instep, extra thick non-slip sole, warm lining throughout. Finest quality rubber with dull black finish. HIP BOOTS, all sizes, 15s., post 1s. extra.

8/9 PER PAIR

Postage 1/- extra. All Sizes 3 to 12.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

J.B. CROYDON STORES, Footwear Specialists, 2-b, DERBY ROAD, CROYDON

THE GREATEST GAME ON THE FINEST HOME BILLIARD TABLE

13/3 DOWN brings prompt delivery of the 6 ft. size Riley "Home" Billiard Table to rest on any ordinary dining table. You pay the balance by easy instalments. Cash Price £11.15.0. 7 days' Free Trial allowed, and Rileys pay carriage and take all transit risks. Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables in various sizes and styles, are also offered for cash or easy terms. Send for Free Art List, describing them. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

Write for Free Art List.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON, and Dept. 27, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

SOUTH WESTERN HUTS & GARAGES

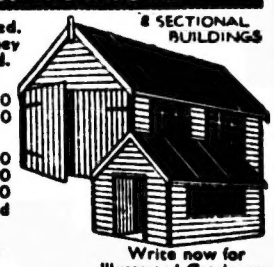
Prices again reduced. Buy now before they rise. Carriage Paid.

GARAGES.
10' x 7' £6 6 0
15' x 9' £10 19 0

HUTS.
6' x 4' £2 15 0
8' x 5' £3 16 0
10' x 7' £5 18 0
⅞" Planed Rebated Weatherboard.

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

8 SECTIONAL BUILDINGS



Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929), Ltd., Dept. J. High Street, Fulham, S.W.6. Putney 2771.

EX-ARMY BREECHES

Order Now to Secure

Just the thing for drivers, roundsmen, farming, stables and sports wear, etc.

4/6 PER PAIR. Postage 9d. extra.

Genuine Army surplus unused goods. Extra strong Khaki Serge. Wear for years. Smartly cut and well finished, with two side pockets. Sizes 28 ins. to 32 ins. waist only.

Also Khaki Bedford Cord, 8/9. Blue Melton, 7/9. Sizes 30 ins. to 40 ins. State waist measure.

J.B. CROYDON STORES, 2/b, Derby Rd., CROYDON

TIMBER FOR GREENHOUSES, GARAGES, SHEDS, etc.

ANY QUANTITY SUPPLIED.
DIRECT FROM IMPORTER TO USER

Battens 1 in. x 1 in.	1/4 per 100 ft. run
Matchings ½ in. x 4 in. ..	3/10 per 100 ft. run
Weather Boards ½ in. x ¾ in. x 6 in.	6/9 per 100 ft. run

GET OUR FULL LIST.
No Middleman's Profit.
Hundreds of Bargains

in Timber, Mouldings, Doors, Frames, Glass, Paint, Wallpaper, Tiles, Felt, Wire, Tools, etc.
FREE TECHNICAL ADVICE.

DIRECT CONSTRUCTION SUPPLY CO., LTD., 440-445, Cromwell House, High Holborn, Clerkenwell 3489. London, W.C.1

"AIRCRAFT" Shockproof WATCH

This Milanese Bracelet FREE.

Send 2/6 NOW

for this world-renowned "AIRCRAFT" shockproof watch. Handsome Chromium plated case. Fitted with famous Aircraft non-magnetic shock-and-vibration-proof movement. Silver Chrome dial or Plain Luminous. Swiss Jewelled movement. Fitted with recoil spring to prevent overwinding. 10 years' written guarantee. Lies flat and neat on wrist. Timed to a minute a month. Send 2/6 now. If to satisfaction, forward 2/6 within 7 days and 2/6 or more fortnightly until only 12/- in all is paid. Cash price 17/6. Superior model with unbreakable glass, 22/6 same terms. FREE to Purchasers. Latest fashion Gent's broad U.S.A. pattern adjustable Milanese Chromium Bracelet. On and off in three seconds. Ladies' Solid Silver Model (with Free Gift of Solid Silver Bracelet), same price and terms.

ANGLO AIRCRAFT WATCH DISTRIBUTORS
(Dept. J.B.A8), 18a, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.
(Opposite West Central P.O.)

BABY-CLOTHES

CHARMING HOME-MADE LONG or SHORT CLOTHES LAYETTE 30/-

(Everything necessary and ready for use.)

76 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath Robes, Lawn or Winceyette Day Gowns, Cloth, Flan., or Winceyette Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Bank Flannels, Hand-knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Binders, Feeders, Large Turk Napkins, etc.

PURCHASERS Write: "Highly satisfied." "Beyond my highest hopes." "Excellent materials and make." "A bargain! shall certainly recommend." "Worth 35/" Etc.

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL (Cash or Terms)

Mrs. J.D. Howard, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

STOCKTAKING SALE

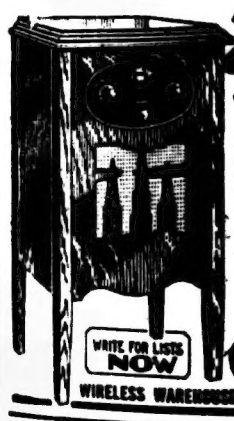
"The Aircraft" WRIST WATCH SMART · RELIABLE

POST 6

7/6

The new type moving dial wrist watch at manufacturers' price. Gives time to the second at a glance. The movement is identical to most expensive models, and is modernly cased in fashionable Chromium, now preferred to gold. Absolutely shockproof, non-magnetic and fitted with the new chip spring which prevents overwinding. Complete with strap. Three years' written warranty. Send this advt. and secure your 1933 stocktaking Bargain now. Also Pocket Model, 4/6. Post 6d. Ladies' Dainty Model with silk band, 11/9. Post 6d.

ANGLO AIRCRAFT WATCH DISTRIBUTORS
(Dept. J.B.5), 18a NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1
(Opposite West Central P.O.)



3 Valve RADIO £4.10s

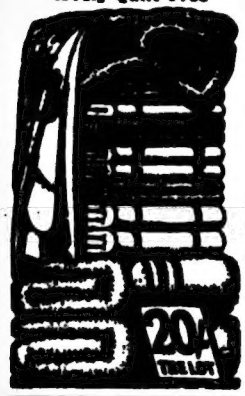
No matter where you live, I can fix you up with any kind of wireless set, including Radio-Grams, and guarantee first-class results. All sets sent ON APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID. All ready to switch on. Cash or easy terms.

WRITE FOR LISTS NOW

Thos. T. Roberts

WIRELESS WAREHOUSE, DEPT. B, COVENTRY

With every Sale this lovely Quilt Free



SALE!!

This excellent bale for only 20/- *carr. free, cash or C.O.D. Immediate delivery.*

2 White Woolly Blankets	90x70
2 Good Strong Sheets	90x70
2 Fine Pillow Slips	30x18
1 Good Bolster Case	58x20
1 Beautiful Bedspread	80x60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
1 Pair Art. Silk Hose	
1 Pretty Cushion Cover	
2 Chamois Polishers	
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs	

ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE.

A handsome WADDED DOWN QUILT *given free with each bale.*

Also a Damask Table Cloth free if Cash with order.

Money back if not delighted.

20/- THE LOT

STANDARD (NURMAX), Ltd., Dept. C.6, 191, Princess Street, Manchester.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY AT COST

To advertise our catalogue, we offer ladies' elegant walking-out shoes at the advertising price of 4/-. Rather than be moulded to an upper of patent finish; smart Cuban heel. These are as smart as shoes costing treble, and we guarantee months of hard service. Recommended for country wear, golf, warehouse, or smart City wear. Can be supplied in 1 bar or lace. (Mention style.)

SIZES 3 to 6

4/- PER PAIR

Post on 1 or 2 Pairs, 9d., or C.O.D.

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD

This Pick-Up has been designed on the soundest technical lines. A new principle of "MATCHED RESPONSE" gives a natural effect not before obtainable. The frequency response is from 25 to 6,000 cycles, and it faithfully reproduces the entire range of the musical scale. The VOLUME CONTROL, situated in the base and operated by a knob on top of the pivot, is wire wound, and, unlike the usual carbon or composition type, it retains its efficiency unimpaired, indefinitely.

ONLY 2/6 DOWN

The British Made WAYES UNIVERSAL METER is the only popular priced instrument testing *resistance* as well as batteries, valves, circuit and all components. Four readings on one dial.

SEND ONLY 1/6

for 7 days' trial; if satisfied, complete purchase by 5 monthly payments of 2s. 6d. (Cash 12s. 6d.)

FOR 7 DAYS' TRIAL

In Florentine Bronze finish, with tone-arm rest, fixing screws, and full instructions. Send only 2s. 6d. for 7 days' trial; if satisfied, pay further 2s. 6d. at once, then 7 monthly payments of 5s. (Cash 35/-). Illus. folder with full technical details post free.

E. J. HERAUD, Ltd., Dept. J.B. 51, Number One, Edmonton, LONDON, N.18

Branches: 78/82, Fore Street, Edmonton; 77, West Green Rd., Tottenham; 34, St. James St., Walthamstow; and 139, Hertford Rd., Enfield Wash.

The WILD WEST AIR PISTOL

NO LICENCE REQUIRED

YOURS FOR 1/- DOWN

All metal. Wonderfully powerful and accurate. A great thrill to be right on the target at 30 feet. You can become a crack shot and do Cowboy feats of trick shooting. Make your own Gallery—bottles, cans, swinging ball—and match your skill against your friends. Most exciting indoor or outdoor sport. Complete with ammunition and darts. 1/- down, then 2/- weekly (11/- in all), or 10/- cash with order.

F. HAND & CO.,
284, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

GREAT Daily Herald 'ON TO PROSPERITY' CONTEST

WIN

£25,000

for 6D

ALL PROFITS TO THE HOSPITALS

SECOND PRIZE £250 THIRD PRIZE £100

£25,000 must be won if the winner is a registered reader of the "Daily Herald"—if the winner is not a registered reader the First Prize will be £20,000.

£25,000 for 6d.—a vast world's record in Cash Prizes—that is the tremendous sum you can win in the Great "Daily Herald" On-To-Prosperity Contest to Help the Hospitals.

Think of it, £25,000 for 6d.! Think what it would mean to receive a telegram announcing you as the winner of this colossal fortune. On the opposite page is your entry form on which you will find 28 Prosperity Slogans. All you are asked to do is to select the 12 best. Use your judgment and skill and indicate your choice by placing your crosses as directed in the blank spaces provided. There is no order of merit required.

Every reader of "John Bull" can enter for the "Daily Herald," On-To-Prosperity Contest to Help the Hospitals. The First Prize is £25,000, if the winner should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald" or £20,000 if he is not. Anyone can register and so qualify for the extra £5,000 by filling in the Registration Forms which appear regularly in the "Daily Herald." Help to spread the grand feeling of Prosperity and Confidence in the Nation's future by entering for this Contest which is organised by the British Charities Association—a famous body that has already distributed £242,000 to Hospitals and other organisations. Every penny of the Prize Money is guaranteed by the "Daily Herald" and every penny of the profits goes to help the Hospitals throughout the country. You may enter this great contest as often as you wish. Remember, every Entry form contains 5 golden opportunities to win the biggest cash prize of its kind that has ever been offered; the more often you enter, the more you will increase your opportunities of winning and the more you will help the hospitals. Fill in the Entry Form on the right, now, while you think of it. Further entries may be sent on the forms which appear in the "Daily Herald." Someone must win the huge Prize that is being offered—why not you?

ORGANISED BY THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION.

Members of the Council:

LORD LUKE—*Chairman.*

THE DUKE OF ATHOLL, THE MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON, THE EARL OF MACCLESFIELD, THE HON. I. ST. J. LAWSON JOHNSTON, SIR GEORGE ROBERTS, BT., SIR GERALD DU MAURIER. *Secretaries*—HUGH MACRAE & CO., *Chartered Accountants.*

OPEN TO ALL

EVERY PENNY OF THE PRIZE MONEY IS GUARANTEED BY THE "DAILY HERALD."

Help the Hospitals!

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

Entry Form for "John Bull" Readers

"JOHN BULL" INVITES YOU TO WIN A FORTUNE

"John Bull" invites you and every one of his readers to take immediate advantage of a wonderful two-fold opportunity. By entering for this Contest you can win a huge fortune for yourself and at the same time help the Hospitals throughout the country.

"John Bull" is confident that its readers, with their wonderful sympathy for the splendid work done by our Hospitals, will rise magnificently to the occasion and support this Appeal to the full extent of their power. The First Prize of £25,000 for 6d. is a World's Record. Enter to-day on the Entry Form on the right and send in your entries early.

THANK YOU!

Great "Daily Herald" "On-to-Prosperity" Contest. To Help the Hospitals.
ENTRY FORM No. J.B.1. No Claims required

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Slogans by placing a X against those selected in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. **INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE—OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.** No order of merit required. Ink must be used.

Help the Hospitals!		One Entry 6d. ↓	Two Entries 1/- ↓	Three Entries 1/6 ↓	Four Entries 2/- ↓	Five Entries 2/6 ↓
1	Buy more—and help more to buy more.					
2	Knuckle to—don't knuckle under.					
3	Never mind the business outlook—look out for business.					
4	Use idle money and employ the idle many.					
5	The air of confidence is the finest trade wind.					
6	Will good—and goodwill will follow.					
7	A peace policy is the world's life insurance.					
8	Spend for Prosperity—don't hoard for posterity.					
9	Optimism pays you—pessimism makes you pay.					
10	Help the Hospitals—national health means national wealth.					
11	The tide turns at low water as well as high.					
12	If more work for better times—there'll be more work for all.					
13	Prosperity—will it come? Yes, "will" it.					
14	More spending, more working—more working, more spending.					
15	Kill War debts—revive the world.					
16	Spend wisely now and you'll get a good "deal."					
17	Come down from the clouds and help to lift them!					
18	Pay well—it will pay you!					
19	Let's put Prosperity "on the map" of Britain.					
20	The highway to Prosperity is through every tradesman's door.					
21	Don't wait for Better Times—work for them.					
22	Create confidence by having it.					
23	Trying times are times to try.					
24	Good-bye, gloom—come on, boom!					
25	Determination will bring Prosperity AT last—TO last!					
26	Spenders make money go round—circulation means Prosperity.					
27	Get back by pushing forward.					
28	It'll be a good job for everyone if you find a job for someone.					

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules and enclose

P.O. Number.....value.....covering.....entries

P.O. is crossed /& Co./ and is made payable to the British Charities Association.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

(Block Letters) .....

(Please write clearly in ink. Please see that your envelope is sufficiently stamped.)

Cut Along Here

Address Your Entry: (Dept. J.B.1), BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION, 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp).

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

(1). Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2). Spaces for up to five entries have been provided on each form, and the subscription for the competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3). In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the Association will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from Number 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4). Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitor to Dept. J.B., **BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOC., 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.**

(5). After the close of the Competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of Experts who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections, in any one entry column, agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will as stated in rule 5 be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae & Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6). In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes so affected will be combined and divided. If the first prize of £20,000 is divided the additional award of £5,000 will also be divided, and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

(7). The British Charities Association reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and sufficient, and the decision of the Council of the Association upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Association takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8). Employees of the British Charities Association, the "Daily Herald," and its associated Companies, and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9). The closing date for the receipt of entries will be advertised in the papers used for advertising the Competition, but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a day to be announced, and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

The complete list of prize-winners will be sent to any competitor who sends a stamped addressed wrapper or label (NOT envelope) to the British Charities Association for this purpose.

(10). Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

FURTHER ENTRY FORMS APPEAR EACH DAY IN THE "DAILY HERALD."

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'FLU—Incredible Disclosure

THE DO-NOTHING MINISTRY

"WHERE IS ST. GEORGE?
Certainly not at the Ministry of Health!

"WE have done *nothing*.
We are doing *nothing*.
What *can* we do?"

Who said that? No, it wasn't Micawber, waiting, as always, for "something to turn up."

It was the Ministry of Health, replying to a John Bull enquiry as to what it was doing about the Great 'Flu Epidemic. And it is *doing nothing*.

Now, that is a very amazing discovery. It amazed us, as it will amaze all our readers and everybody else.

We put our question to the Ministry, appropriately enough, on a day when the newspapers were recording that the number of deaths had increased tenfold in five weeks, and that more people were laid up with influenza than at any time since medical records began.

Just the time to find out what Herculean efforts to combat the scourge were being made behind the scenes of the most palatial-looking façade in Whitehall.

REPORTS that day from the big industrial centres were showing to what an extent the influenza germ had the country in its grip. From Birmingham, for instance, where 158 people had died from it in one week; from Leicester, where there were 120 postal officials down with it, and great difficulty was being experienced in delivering letters; and from Bolton, where they were finding it hard to maintain their public services.

There were scores and scores of depressing stories like that.

Good to think, at such a time of national emergency, that we have a Ministry of Health with a pay-roll of 6,641 people, and as imposing an array of medical experts as you will find anywhere in the world.

Without Fear or Favour

Good, that is, until you ask it to give an account of its stewardship to the hard-suffering taxpayers who maintain it; and find that it can sum up its work in the face of a big national danger in a couple of words—and those words: "Doing nothing."

"Can John Bull do anything?" a Ministry official added jocularly to the "doing nothing" message, which had been carefully written out so that no mistake could be made in delivering it.

Frankly, we cannot. We were never given "powers and duties which appear to relate to matters affecting or incidental to the health of the public" such as were conferred on the Ministry of Health in 1919 and since.

We can only look perplexedly at the mortality figures and wonder why the highly expensive Department that is responsible for the health of the community is doing, to use its own word, "nothing."

Especially since, when the lives of animals and not human beings are at stake, the more alert Ministry of Agriculture puts its best experts in the field within an hour of hearing of an outbreak.

Just think. If you ask the Ministry of Health for any book or paper describing the research measures that are being taken to combat influenza, it can refer you to nothing later than a book it published in 1922.

"And we're afraid that is too technical for anyone but the expert to understand," it cheerfully admits.

Presumably, too, only the experts can understand why the Ministry refuses to regard as an epidemic an outbreak of influenza that ravages a whole country. It is merely a "pandemic" to the Whitehall Panjandrums.

Yet influenza has claimed many victims since 1922—a mere matter of 134,490 dead, to be exact!—to say nothing about the millions of victims who were lucky enough to survive.

IN 1927, a year when 22,263 people died from influenza, the Ministry certainly issued a 14-page leaflet, which was reissued again in 1929, when the death-roll totalled 29,084. But you can search that from end to end without finding a single line to suggest that the Ministry was doing anything to combat the Great Scourge.

Various research bodies throughout the country are probing its mysteries as part of their general enquiry into the "virus diseases," of which they think it is one.

Yet the fact remains that there is more ground to cover in influenza research than in any other medical direction.

One difficulty is that the experts can't find a means of inoculation against it, and even if they could there is every reason to think that it would be of little value.

There is the baffling fact that one attack does not seem to give immunity against another, that a patient will pass out of the convalescent stage only to fall again into the grip of this devastating germ.

AGAIN, research is hampered by the fact that no animal, according to the experts, is affected by it except the Higher Ape.

But that is no reason why the Ministry should not get on with experiments. We can hardly think that before it does it is waiting for anthropologists to scour the jungles for Higher Apes, or till human volunteers offer themselves for experimental purposes!

Influenza has been a mystery for two hundred years, in which time medical science has conquered or brought under control such scourges as typhoid, diphtheria, malaria and smallpox.

Surely the time has come now for organised research to end this lamentable state of affairs. And surely the Ministry of Health, as the custodian of the nation's health, should be the prime mover in directing such research.

Nothing should be allowed to stand in the way. Not even the Ministry's state of coma expressed in the words "Doing nothing."

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Revelations of More Dear Food Ramps

Best Prosperity News Yet

Pleasure Cruise Divorces

QUITE a lot of dishonest butchers rearranged their shop window labels and prices during the past week.

It was the first effect of our exposure of the methods by which the rogues in the trade have been cheating the public by passing off to it as home-bred and home-killed meat, beef and mutton which has only had the briefest acquaintance with this country, but for which top prices are charged.

Food inspectors also acted quickly following our revelations.

We are after them

Honest traders have nothing to fear from JOHN BULL. But the dishonest minority had better look out. We are keeping a special watch on them. Not only on the meat trade, but on other food supply services as well.

There are unmistakable signs of a renewal of profiteering devices and a reversion by many shopkeepers to the principle of small turnover and high prices.

This is all the more scandalous because wholesale rates are not rising and producers still get the most meagre returns for abundant supplies.

The fleecing retailers have a new but false excuse. "Tariffs!" they murmur in explanation to protesting customers.

Doubled prices

Particularly iniquitous is the price ramp in fruit and vegetables.

We sent a representative to watch transactions in Covent Garden this week. From the sales record of a leading wholesale merchant he took the particulars of purchases made that day by shopkeepers in the Strand and other principal streets *within four hundred yards of the market.*

Walking to these shops he found that the bulk of the produce was on sale at double the price paid for it.

He saw, for instance, a 40-lb. case of apples sold for 13s 3d. Twenty minutes later the fruit was being offered to the public at 25s. for this quantity.

Wicked difference

Again, in various parts of the country, housewives are being openly and fiercely robbed when they buy fish.

The average value of white fish landed at the principal ports is just over a penny three-farthings per lb.

When it passes to the public it is eight to twelve times that price.

Allowing the most generous additions for cleaning, icing and distribution—about a penny per lb. in all—the disparity is still wickedly wide.

Pig-headed

The Government's refusal to consider the Geneva proposal for a forty-hour working week as a partial remedy for unemployment is not so much short-sighted as blind.

Anything that might help should be considered. And as the forty-hour week, had it been adopted, would have operated in all countries, it is idle to suggest that it might have injured our competitive position.

What is worse, the Government still declines to ratify the agreement reached twelve years ago for an international forty-eight hour week.

Fair return

On the other hand, the Government is at last taking a sensible attitude about Russian trade.

In the negotiations for a new agreement, it is placing no obstacles in the way of normal Russian imports into Britain, but is insisting that we shall get many more Soviet engineering contracts than hitherto.

This should prove a real boon to one of our hardest-hit industries.

Clear case

Now that the Post Office is to keep some of its profits instead of having to hand them over to the Exchequer, the postmen's application for higher wages ought to be better received than it was last year.

The mystery of the two-faced apple. The shopkeeper sees its real value; the housewife its inflated price

Scores of thousands of them earn only about £2 a week. Their work is responsible, the hours often long and inconvenient, and there is surely nothing unreasonable in their demand.

Brighter trade news

Mr. Chamberlain will soon make another appeal to income-tax payers to pay up and help to prevent a Budget deficit.

But this isn't so terrible as it sounds. For most other countries are faced with deficits so huge that we appear highly prosperous by comparison.

And our trade balance will probably be some £100,000,000 better than last year, while in most other countries it is getting worse. In fact, the latest information shows that Britain is back at the top in its exports.

So even Mr. Chamberlain might well be cheerful for a change.

Why gunmen?

A judge has just asked a jury to write to their M.P.s asking for a Bill to prohibit the possession of dummy revolvers.

We are getting on. But why only dummy revolvers? They are dangerous only if the bluff isn't called.

Let all revolvers, whether they are real or dummy, be prohibited. That is the only sane and sensible thing to do. M.P.s ought to know that without members of juries having to spend time and money writing to them about it.

The man who wants a revolver wants watching. And if there aren't any guns there won't be any gunmen.

Cruise divorces

A new complication has entered the task of arranging the lists of the Divorce Court in London and on assize.

Numerous petitions this year will have to be adjusted according to the arrival of large liners in this country, so that stewards and stewardesses can be available as witnesses.

This is a consequence of the growth of luxury and sunshine cruises and friendships made at sea or abroad.

In nine cases due to be heard this term the respondents are wives who went a-cruising.

Delay means death

Eight men were killed in a Yorkshire colliery because a dangerous type of shot exploder was used. This type will be illegal after next November.

Mr. Herbert Smith, the miners' leader, wants to know if we are to go on killing men while the change-over is made.

Apparently we are. And we doubt if anyone can tell him why it should take eleven months to carry out such a simple change.

Widow's mite

Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., the Recorder of London, said at the Old Bailey that he had received from an old lady in a Sussex village half a crown out of her old-age pension for the help of distressed prisoners. She also sent a blanket.

We admire the old lady more than we can say—her kindly motives and her self-sacrifice.

But an old-age pension is ten shillings a week, and what is to be said of a system that has partly to rely on a charitable gift of a quarter of an income like that? Not to mention the blanket.

Ancient history

A railway coach-builder who has just retired says that when he started work fifty years ago there was no central heating in carriages and the compartments were divided from each other only by the bare wooden backs of the seats.

Obviously he hasn't travelled very much. Now he has leisure to do so, he might make a few trips on certain North Country and London suburban lines.

He would find quite a lot of trains that might have been built fifty years ago. They are not used, however, by railway directors, but reserved for the use of the public.

Should bishops drink?

Thieves visited the palace of the Bishop of Southwell the other day. They drank beer and cider and left with a bottle of whisky.

Whereupon a member of the Bishop's household thought it advisable to make clear that the liquor was seldom used but brought out only for visitors.

We should have thought just as much of the bishop if the explanation hadn't been made.

Caught nodding

A man at Winsford, Lancashire, was fined £1 for failing to sign his driving licence. At the same court and on the same day another man was fined 10s. for the much more serious offence of driving without a licence.

The most charitable view is that the Winsford magistrates were feeling very drowsy. But we hope they keep wide awake in future.

The maddest yet

The Mad Hatter never thought of anything quite so mad as Whitehall's ideas about housing.

Midsomer Norton, in Somerset, has been allowed to build sixteen houses. Whitehall says that not more than seven persons must live in the larger ones and not more than five in the smaller.

But the local council has to accommodate some families of six. Presumably either a birth or a death will have to occur in those families to make them quite respectable in the eyes of the Higher Officialdom.

Very deaf

There are quite enough squabbles in court without magistrates starting one, but this happened when Mr. Joseph Powell claimed the right as senior magistrate to act as chairman at Tipton (Staffs) police court.

He is eighty-one and very deaf, and though his brother magistrates let him have his own way after an unseemly quarrel in public, the Clerk had to shout all the evidence to him.

We should think that retirement at his advanced age would be welcome. What does the Lord Chancellor think?

Topsy-turvy

The bigwigs have just decided that an unemployed man who is placed on a land-training settlement is not entitled to the "dole," though he receives no wages but only shares in a public society.

That's all very well, but if he had refused to join the settlement he would probably have lost the "dole" for refusing to work.

It seems absurd that he should lose it because he is eager to work.

'Busman's holiday

Sheffield Corporation shows a lamentable lack of public spirit and justice to its employees.

The chairman of Derbyshire Quarter Sessions has just said so, and we agree. A 'bus conductor who attended court to give evidence had his day's wages stopped by the Corporation.

Usually, he explained, employees were told to take their weekly holiday on the day they had to spend in court. Which seems a new type of busman's holiday—and one which should be stopped at once.

Variety disclaimer

Messrs. E. and G. Dixon, Variety and Production Agents, 152, Canonbury Road, N.1, inform us that they have no connection or relationship with Dixon's Agency, 6, Upper Street, Islington, N., which was criticised in our issue of January 7.

We willingly give publicity to this disclaimer.

HELP THE HOSPITALS!

THE Hospitals are facing a grave financial crisis. Funds are needed immediately to enable them to carry on their merciful work.

Readers of JOHN BULL have a wonderful opportunity of helping and at the same time winning £25,000 for sixpence.

Turn to pages 4 and 5 NOW!

Chains Off 5,000,000 SLAVES!

by Lady SIMON

Wife of the Foreign Secretary, and a leading figure in the fight for the complete Abolition of Slavery throughout the world

THIS year is an important one for Englishmen; it is the centenary of the legal abolition of slavery within the British Empire.

In July and August of 1833, the famous Bill which liberated 700,000 slaves was passing through its final stages in the House of Commons.

It is a remarkable coincidence that almost exactly 100 years later the League of Nations should be embarking on the abolition of slavery throughout the world.

Once again the lead has come from Great Britain. Following on the Steel-Maitland resolution of 1922, the League appointed a Commission of Enquiry which after two years reported that slavery, far from being dead, was flourishing in fifteen different parts of the world.

Nor was this all.

Since the report was published, an immense mass of evidence regarding slavery has been brought forward by responsible persons—such as British consuls and civil servants, missionaries, merchants, journalists and travellers—and the Report of the Temporary Commission, with Lord Lugard as British representative, not long ago presented at Geneva, summed up the position.

Disclosure of these facts has created profound uneasiness, and at last there is a fair prospect that the end of slavery may be in sight, for a Permanent Commission of the League will keep information up to date.

What is the task in front of us? Compared with that which the British Government faced a century ago, it is Herculean. Not more than 700,000 slaves were involved in 1833. To-day the total number of slaves in various parts of the world is at least 5,000,000.

One hundred years ago the British Government knew the exact number of slaves with which it had to deal, and it knew that they were held as property under almost identical systems.

To-day even the number is indefinite, and, moreover, there are many systems of slavery ranging from kindly care to conditions of the most hideous degradation.

AS to cruelty, there is an alarming mass of evidence to prove that all the old evils exist to this day. There are still the massacres and outrages accompanying slave raids, the brutal callousness of slave dealers, the whip, the chain gang—even branding, torture and death.

Mr. Coates, a missionary of over twenty years' experience, referring to child-slaves in China, says: "Floggings, suspension, the pouring of boiling water over the hands, the amputation of the finger-joint, gagging and tying up for torture with hot irons, and similar cruelties are not uncommonly practised upon these children."

Another missionary of more than forty years' experience in China, Mrs. Dymond, states that "Some slaves are hacked to pieces, pinched with red-hot tongs, boiling oil poured down their throats, hung up by their wrists, and for these dreadful deeds no punishment is meted out."

If further evidence be needed of the evils of slavery, there are the disclosures of the Paris newspaper, *Le Matin*, which despatched a group of investigators to study slavery in Abyssinia, Arabia and the Red Sea. The results of this mission created a profound sensation.

In dealing with this terrible outrage against humanity the League will have to attack slavery in all its three forms—slave raiding, marketing and owning. Slavery in one or more of these forms prevails to-day over large areas in China, Arabia, Liberia and Abyssinia.

In China it is chiefly girls who are sold into slavery. There is a very old and firmly established system, known as *mui-tsai*, whereby little girls are sold by their parents or guardians to other persons for domestic labour.

"Black ivory" in Ethiopia—a galla girl exported to Arabia by the slave traders. Above you see a group of Liberian slaves in chains.

Mr. Foster, Professor of Education in the University of Hong-Kong, describes a young Chinese girl brought into hospital in a condition bordering on collapse. Besides ordinary domestic work she was forced to stay up as late as 2 a.m. to prepare her mistress's opium pipe, rising again at 6 a.m.

In Hong-Kong, where the administration has made efforts to regulate the system with a view to its abolition, there are still several thousands of children owned by Chinese residents and registered as *mui-tsais*. But throughout China there can hardly be fewer than 2,000,000 girl slaves all told. During the last few years no fewer than 400,000 have been sold from the single province of Shensi.

IN Arabia, where there are at least 700,000 slaves, markets for them are held openly in the bigger towns.

Mr. Eldon Rutter, in a letter to Mr. J. H. Harris, of the Anti-Slavery Society, says: "The slave market in Mecca is a street leading to one of the gates of the Great Mosque. At certain hours of the day male and female slaves are made to sit on stone benches in front of the houses so that passers-by may inspect them."

Human cargoes are brought to the Arabian coast by the desert and despatched by caravans to the great towns of the Hedjaz.

Mr. Kessel, a well-known authority, describes a conversation with the owner of a dhow which had a cargo of slaves aboard when it was chased by a British warship. Three slaves were thrown overboard, and in stopping to pick them up the pursuing vessel failed to make a capture.

Both in Arabia and Abyssinia there is a most revolting aspect of the trade—namely, slave-producing.

The mission despatched by *Le Matin* discovered that a systematic method is in force for producing slave children by a special corps of women, each woman receiving a reward when she produces a child for the market.

It was this practice, among others, which a few years ago caused the Maharajah of Nepal to liberate 57,880 slaves in his kingdom, but the vested interests in slavery were so strong that he could only do so by persuading the slave owners that slave-rearing was not good business.

DURING the last ten years the British Government has freed a total of slaves in Tanganyika estimated by the German Government at 185,000. Mr. Amery set free 215,000 domestic slaves in the protectorate of Sierra Leone, and Sir Harcourt Butler liberated 7,500 slaves in Burma.

Finally, Haile Sellassie, Emperor of Abyssinia, not long ago issued an edict ordering the manumission of all the slaves in his Ethiopian kingdom.

What will be the effect of this edict? There is no country in the world where slavery is so deeply rooted as Abyssinia. Reliable witnesses state that every Abyssinian owns one or more slaves. Some of the Rases own as many as 15,000 each.

All told there are at least two million slaves in Abyssinia. Slavery is upheld there by the Christian Church, and the large slave owners use slaves as a sort of currency, exchanging them for arms and ammunition.

Finally, there is Liberia, a country of 2,500,000 native inhabitants.

The situation there is bitterly ironical. The State was formed by American idealists, who imported some ten thousand liberated slaves from the Southern States of America, believing that they, who had suffered so much, would prevent anything resembling slavery in the lives of other people.

BUT this handful of American negroes has set about enslaving the native population with a ruthless cruelty rivalling the worst accounts of slavery in the past. To-day there is domestic slavery in Liberia, but owing to the backward state of the administration no census has ever been taken. An account of the sufferings of the natives of Liberia was published recently by a special commission of the League and has shocked the entire civilised world.

Slavery is a crime against the human race, and no one who is even faintly aware of what it means could rest content until it is blotted out.

How is this to be done? Although Great Britain failed to secure that slave ships should be treated as pirates, her efforts have resulted in the appointment of the new commission.

The stage is now set for the first whole-hearted attempt in history to abolish slavery throughout the world.

Hitherto individual nations have hesitated to indict other nations on the charge of slavery. This is what the League must now do through the commission. By forming an International Bureau, which will gather and sift the immense mass of damning evidence available, this evil thing must be brought into the open.

People of all nations must realise that they have a personal responsibility in the matter. United public opinion is the only force which is strong enough to uproot slavery and destroy it for ever.

A PRINCE in

The Truth about the Amazing MAHARAJAH of ALWAR

NO more difficult problem confronts the Government of India just now than the future of the native State of Alwar, where British troops are in occupation to save the Maharajah from his rebellious subjects.

It is a problem of at least twenty years' standing, and behind it looms the brilliant, baffling and exotic personality of the Maharajah himself.

For years his exploits and the mysterious happenings in his State, which is eighty miles from Delhi, have been the talk of all India. The rumours of his personal extravagances and alleged misrule have even penetrated into this country, which as a rule turns a blind eye to Indian affairs unless they happen to be connected with the name of Mr. Gandhi.

But the Maharajah of Alwar is at the present moment a greater problem to the British Raj than the Mahatma.

When he smiles . .

The Government of India has the power to depose a native ruler for misgovernment. It is perhaps too early to say that this will be the subsequent fate of the Maharajah of Alwar.

At the same time, the Government has stated that it intends to change the administration of Alwar, that the intervention of British troops will not be necessary a second time.

The striking personality who has been saved from his disgruntled subjects by British cavalry is fifty-one, and has occupied the throne since 1903. He is a Rajput of ancient lineage, and rejoices in the imposing name of His Highness Bharat Dharam Prabhakar, Raj Rishi Shri Sewai Sir Jey Singhji Veerandra Shiromani Deo.

In outward appearance His Highness is a tall, impressive, clean-shaven man. His high, prominent cheek-bones serve to outline his vivid, piercing eyes. He has a prominent, thickish nose, a long, thin upper lip and relentless, ruthless mouth.

His smile can be most charming. It can also be somewhat terrifying. I have seen his servants quiver with fear when he smiled. I have seen sensitive European ladies shiver. It is not always an agreeable smile.

Almost a genius

The forehead is lofty, almost noble, the head shapely and powerful. He has intellect, ability, almost a touch of genius. His voice is musical and under perfect control. He is justly proud of his oratory, of his mastery of English. If anything, he is inclined to overdo his exhibitions of eloquence.

I have heard him make seven perfect speeches in an evening. All perfectly phrased, constructed and delivered; each one with a purpose—each one aimed at someone.

For His Highness of Alwar is probably one of the most brilliant politicians in India. Read Edwin Montagu's diary. The then Secretary of State for India was captured by the man. His verbal flow, his fund of ideas overwhelmed the English Liberal, and he has not been alone.

I once heard Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood at an Alwar State banquet say—with an arm affectionately round the Prince's shoulders: "Your Highness, you are not only the greatest man in India. You are also one of the greatest men in the Empire."

And to-day this brilliant Prince has been forced to the public humiliation of seeing Imperial troops occupying his territory, subduing his rebel subjects, and announcing their intention of giving such advice to the State Durbar as will obviate their use again.

In his magnificent palace fort overlooking the town of Alwar, His Highness must be sitting to-day, smiling grimly.

There is much more in that smile than charm or threat.

It is an index of the man. It is part and parcel of his peculiarly Oriental make-up—a reality which every now and again is revealed behind the cultured veneer of occidentalism.

You see a strange, baffling soul, a cynic and a religious fanatic. One who is at home with Voltaire, Flaubert, Baudelaire, and Wilde, and who is, at the same time, genuinely learned in the Sanscrit texts and in Moslem apologetics.

Alwar believes himself to be the reincarnation of the Prophet Mahommed and Rama. His curious headgear—a kind of stiff coronet—designed by himself, is supposed to tell the story of his dual reincarnation.

He entertains with outward and deep respect holy pundits honoured by all Hindoos.

He discourses with Mullahs learned in the Koran. And with his European guests he talks with authority on modern oratory and European politics. And all with a strange, uneasy, restless egoism.

You sit fascinated at the man, and yet you dislike yourself for succumbing to the spell. Such, you find yourself thinking, were the Roman Emperors of Suetonius. Attractive, hypnotising, tiger-like; but somewhere—and not far—the claws.

The Tiger

I remember sitting one evening with His Highness at his country palace—some twenty miles from Alwar—at the head of a deep woody gorge which leads to the Rajputana hills. The finest tiger country in India; often sixty or seventy are located.

At the back of the house there is a high concrete verandah, looking out on the hilly jungle.

After dinner His Highness took us out. We were asked to sit still, not to talk. Barefooted servants brought us liqueurs and cigars. And we sat gazing at the wonderful sight, listening to the sounds of the night.

In front of the platform, some fifteen or twenty yards away, was tied a goat—bleating pathetically as it smelt the prowling destroyers of the woods.

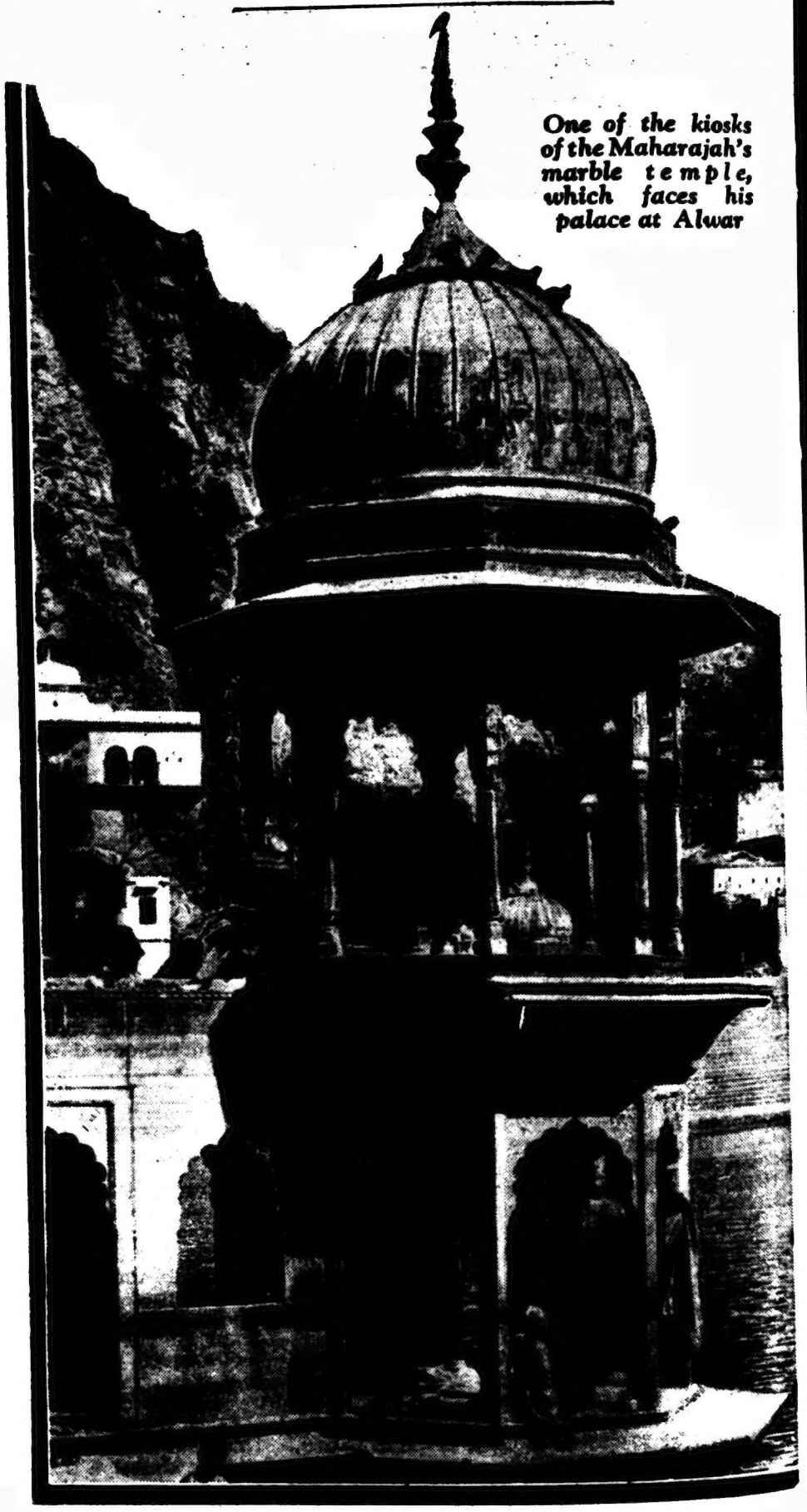
By the side of the Maharajah was a rifle. And we waited, uncomfortable, awkward.

Now and again a jewel on Alwar's fingers sparkled; now and again the goat cried aloud.

Then suddenly there was an agonising scream. By the goat a form. His Highness pressed a switch. Flood lights covered the ground with a glare. The tiger stood, blood dripping from his mouth, paralysed. His Highness raised his gun and there was another skin to add to his collection.

You suddenly felt sick. There was something a little too cold-blooded about it all. One felt that the flood-light had illuminated two tigers.

They tell dark and mysterious



One of the kiosks of the Maharajah's marble temple, which faces his palace at Alwar

HOT WATER

by a SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

"Vivid, piercing eyes, relentless, ruthless mouth . . . a smile that can be most charming or somewhat terrifying"—His Highness the Maharajah of Alwar

tales in Alwar about their ruler. About his sudden passions, his whims, his angers. The old palace, they say, holds curious secrets.

His Highness is a ruling Prince, with powers of life and death over his subjects, and, unlike so many of his brother princes, he has not carried his liking for so many Western institutions to the extent of establishing a proper judicial system with a High Court and an appeal system.

"My estate"

To displease the Maharajah is to offend against the law, and though Political Agents hear much, they cannot prove everything.

The State—which lies some seventy to eighty miles south-west of Dehli—is about the size of Wales, with a population of about 750,000 and a revenue of £400,000 a year.

Much of the land is rich and prosperous and is worked by hardy, virile yeomen farmers. In the hills there are mineral deposits, and in one place marble of a quality equal to anything Italy can produce. The population—mainly Rajput Hindoos with a strong Moslem minority—are poor, depressed and oppressed.

There is no civil administration worthy of the name. The Maharajah's will is law, and though he possesses some titular Ministers—a Dewan or Prime Minister—he himself really runs the country.

He does not refer to "My State." "My estate," he calls it, and with anachronistic autocracy refuses to institute a civil list. The State revenues are his to do what he likes with.

He keeps an army of sorts—two regiments of infantry for Imperial Defence purpose and a garrison force for State purposes. The efficiency of the latter can best be judged by its recent performance against the rebellious villagers of the Gorendgarh district.

There are police and a skeleton administration mainly concerned with the collection of revenue.

The public works department is a meagre outline of what it ought to be, and except for one or two roads—mainly used by His Highness—the public highways are a scandal. Education is practically non-existent in the State, and public health is ignored.

Cynics say that if His Highness were to pay one-tenth of the attention he pays to the selection of his staff to his subjects, Alwar would indeed be a happy land.

His Highness is as capricious as a reigning beauty. He is always changing his A.D.C.s and Private Secretaries. A few years ago he kept standing advertisements in the Indian papers for these gentry—requesting applicants for the posts to submit to him personally copies of their photographs! He hates ugly men around him.

Lavish host

As a guest of His Highness you may have a glimpse of the opulence and luxury of your host's life. If there is anything in the nature of a party a huge camp will be built for the European guests. There will be special caterers from Calcutta or Bombay; cigars and champagne all hours of the day. A fleet of cars is hired to save you walking a few yards.

There are banquets every night (and speeches) and theatrical shows, given by a stock travelling company hired for the occasion.

There will be polo and cricket. Incidentally His Highness possesses one of the most beautiful little cricket fields in the world, and if you are lucky you will see His Highness bat, but never field.

There will be tiger shoots from elephants, wrestling matches, and animal fights.

His Highness will be the perfect hospitable Eastern Prince; lavish and generous, arbitrary about times—he never does anything without consulting an astrologer, and if the time set for dinner is not auspicious, you have just got to wait—and arbitrary about when you are allowed to leave.

The peasant pays

You will drive about at night in an Eastern fairyland. Pagodas and spires will twinkle with a myriad lights.

Bands will play and fanfares be sounded, and with calm, superior, almost insolent nonchalance, His Highness, a radiant jewelled figure, will move among his guests, extending his gloved hand in welcome, and murmuring compliment or repartee.

And within a few miles—within a few yards, even—there is a starving, tax-oppressed, grumbling peasantry. They are liable to forced labour, to forced recruitment, forced taxation.

If His Highness wishes to go to Europe, there is an extra tax of an anna or two in the rupee. If His Highness wants a new luxury car, there is a "motor-car tax." If His Highness wants to entertain the Viceroy, the peasantry pay.

They have no redress: no method of ventilating their grievances.

A few miles across the border their relations live under the Pax Britannica, with the promise of self-government. There at Gurgeon there are model villages, neat fields, beautiful roads, trim hedges, fat cattle, good schools. In Alwar nothing but the Maharajah's tax collectors.

Yearly the peasants hear of how the "Lait-Sahib"—the Viceroy—has complimented their ruler on his ability, his political genius, his loyalty and his friendship for Great Britain.

And now perhaps..

Residents and Political Agents have heard their grumbles and complaints for twenty years. But it is very difficult to interfere in an Indian State. Misrule is so hard to prove, and the Princes stand together for self-protection.

But now Imperial troops are in the State and a senior British civil officer is in charge of the Maharajah's representatives.

Something of the picturesqueness of Alwar may disappear; the brilliant political game is played out; and perhaps a little justice and equity will enter the lives of thousands of villagers.

Perhaps even the tigers will no longer die in the flood light from the post-prandial shooting-box.

THE CLOCK CATCH

A LOT of people are looking for an elusive rogue who calls himself Harold Sinclair, and who depends for his livelihood on his ability to tell a plausible story.

Among his latest victims is a jeweller in Colchester, upon whom Sinclair called recently in the guise of an official from the local education committee.

After introducing himself in this fashion, he explained that he required a clock for "presentation purposes."

He showed no haste in making his choice, asked innumerable questions and appeared to waver for a long time before finally deciding to take one priced at over £30.

A cheque was then tendered in payment, signed on behalf of "The Education Committee," and Sinclair was allowed to take the clock away.

His cheque later came back from the bank bearing the doleful inscription "No account," but by that time the plausible trickster had left the town.

Since then he has been surprisingly active in other parts of Essex, as is shown by complaints which have arisen in Chelmsford, Clacton and Brentwood.

On occasion he has varied his name, calling himself Harold St. Clair or Harold Grey.

There is good reason for supposing that he is identical with a rogue who has been wanted in other parts of the country for some time past.

Posing as Victor Roberts, he called upon a famous welfare institution in a Surrey town, and told a harrowing story of difficulties in drawing a war disability pension.

He produced papers which seemed to bear out his story and was successful in obtaining generous assistance. Afterwards it was discovered that the papers were stolen and that the impostor had fled the district, leaving his hotel bill unpaid.

Other complaints show that he sometimes dabbles in larceny and helps himself to jewellery and any valuables that can be easily pocketed from the guest rooms of hotels where he is staying.

He has been at large far too long.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to ROOSEVELT

We Can't Pay —so There!

DEAR GOVERNOR.—Yes, you are not only Governor of New York State, but, also, I am afraid, of me. I owe you, and your countrymen, so much money that I can never pay, for I shall die long before I have sent you my share of the money which I have to pay you, although no Frenchman or Italian or German or Russian pays what he owes me.

That is what we call being an Englishman.

Britain used to rule the waves. Now, we want to waive the rules.

Your countrymen waived hers, years ago, when the Southern States refused to pay us after the Civil War. Indeed, several States passed laws making payment to us illegal!

* * *

Well, when Norman Angell warned us, years ago, in "The Great Illusion," that the victors of a war lost, as well as the defeated side, the world laughed.

When, in 1918, the Labour Party, to which I belonged, wanted all war debts to be wiped out and all war indemnities to be forgotten, your country laughed, and so did mine. Now, all the Great Powers, one after another, are being forced to the conclusion that it is the only way out. Yet, in trying to enforce payments, all the creditor countries have got into a hopeless mess.

You will have to face the fact that Europe cannot pay you. I pity you your four years of office as President, which start next March 4.

Now, I admire the persistence with which you have conquered a so-called infantile paralysis which afflicted you in middle age, the way in which, to prove to America how fit you were, you were so often photographed in a swimming-pool. Why, you are becoming—at least in the picture papers—nearly as athletic as the great Theodore, your distant cousin, who was happier at a hunt of big game or upon a broncho's back!

* * *

Now, use some of your energy in persuading your fellow countrymen that the ludicrous blunder made by Stanley Baldwin, who rushed into promising to pay America at least twice what she was prepared to accept, has crippled Britain almost beyond endurance.

I know you will find it hard, for the overburdened taxpayers of New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, for instance, will have difficulty in understanding why, at a time when they cannot afford to pay their police, firemen and school-teachers, because their city exchequers are so much in debt, they should excuse from payment to themselves the people of London, Glasgow, Cardiff and Manchester, who do at least pay their employees' salaries regularly.

Besides, I should not care to find myself compelled to explain why a country can become less poor by consenting not to receive money. I know that, if I were hard up, I should wonder if someone told me I should be less financially embarrassed if someone did not pay me £2 which I was owed.

"Economics" are beyond the minds of ordinary folk.

* * *

But, since you are destined to sit in the White House, where Lincoln once lived, you must know all these things.

Well, you must enjoy power or you would not have sought it. I should hate your job.

Fancy being boss of a country which has just been told to grow only half the cotton it used to plant, where, in Oklahoma, oil-wells have actually been closed down by martial law, and where, in some western States, desperate farmers have invaded the towns with shot-guns and raided the grocers' shops in search of food, while, in others, there has been such a surplus of wheat that farmers have burned it as fuel!

Yes, and you are the over-lord, now, of a so-called republic where Money is the power behind the throne, where people of nearly a hundred races form the population, and where more than 10,000,000 negroes, descended from slaves, create a racial problem which makes all the others seem insignificant.

Yet yours, Governor, is a great country. I have travelled right across it, wondering at its vastness, reverent before its marvels of engineering, full of admiration for its technical and scientific achievements.

It endows the Arts as, to-day, does no other land. It has all the enthusiasm of Youth.

Until recently, we thought it had all the courage that sometimes goes with virility. But we were wrong.

Your countrymen, flushed with the post-war boom, thought they were living in a paradise made of money. They thought they won the War. Like the Romans of old, they thought they were the masters of the world.

When the crash came, they squealed. Our old families wore their new poverty with the dignity with which a beggared prince wears the remains of a rich garment. Your new families, when faced with disaster, wept.

* * *

It is not true of the mass of your people. They spring from grandparents who bravely went out from a Europe that oppressed them in search of a new world. They lived in circumstances of bitter hardship. They endured.

On the eve of your assuming high office, I salute you on behalf of my own countrymen, who hope that you will lead the United States to a better understanding of world conditions and world needs.

Woodrow Wilson, the last Democrat who was President, tried to master all these difficulties. But for his schoolmaster mind, and his isolation from the rest of his fellows, he would have persuaded America to join the great conclave of nations. He started well. He blundered at the end.

Then we had the crimes of Warren Harding, the narrowness of Calvin Coolidge, and the elephantine heaviness of Herbert Hoover. Now, you come.

Preach to your people that, in spite of themselves, they cannot stay apart from Europe, but that the rest of the world wants them as they need the rest of the world.

Ther indeed will your presidency be blessed—and your name will go down into history.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Dr. J. E. C. WELLDON,
Dean of Durham

DEAR DEAN,—I admire the reasons you give for resigning your position.

You are nearly eighty, and would much rather it was said "Why does he go?" than "Why doesn't he go?"

And you say you have known many people spoil their work by going on too long.

So have I. There are still far too many such people in the Church, business, and politics. The sooner they go, the better it will be for themselves and everyone else. JOHN BULL.

Professor O. M. SPRAGUE,
Bank of England

DEAR PROFESSOR,—As economic adviser to the Bank of England, anything you say about unemployment is worthy of much consideration.

Particularly so is your suggestion that £500 houses should be built for £400. This could be done if the Government had some control of land purchase and building materials.

More house building is one of the surest ways to relieve unemployment. I hope you succeed in impressing this on the Government. JOHN BULL.

DANIEL KELVIE,
Aberdeen

UNLUCKY DAN,—You must have been an innocent to imagine that the whisky bottles in shop-window displays really contain whisky.

You stole one and told your friends you had paid £1 for it. When they discovered it contained just coloured water they lodged a complaint with the police against the supposed salesman. Which led to a fine of £2 for you.

Now you know why there's a proverb: "Save us from our friends!" JOHN BULL.

LORD IRWIN, Minister for Education: Despite the slump, British schoolboys are to have scholarships to American colleges as usual—at American expense. What a contrast to your own Department's education economy mania! —JOHN BULL.

Ex-Detective Sergt. F. HALL,
Hereford

DEAR HALL,—As a city councillor, you recently accused the Watch Committee of presenting lying, misleading and inaccurate reports. The committee has retorted by stopping your police pension for a year.

Some people think an appeal should be made against this action. I think a public investigation should be made into your charges. JOHN BULL.

The Rev. PAUL GIBSON,
Ridley Hall, Cambridge

REVEREND SIR,—Thank you for repudiating the idea that women should keep silence in the churches.

It is absurd that women should be expected, like tiresome children, to be seen but not heard.

There is work for them to do, and in urging that sex should be no barrier to the ministry you are expressing the view of common-sense. JOHN BULL.

Sir ARCHIBALD BODKIN,
Sidmouth, Devon

DEAR SIR,—Like so many of your brother magistrates, you seem too anxious to apply restrictive regulations. Your Bench has decided that Sidmouth's annual Cricket Ball must stop at one a.m. instead of the usual two o'clock. Yet not a single complaint has been made against the Ball during the fifty years or so it has been held.

Are you one of those killjoys who think it a crime for anyone to be out of bed after one o'clock? JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. HOWARD FLINT,
Coroner for Pendleton, Lancs

DEAR SIR,—Last week a coroner investigating the deaths of eight miners refused to read anonymous letters submitted to him.

But when you received one, you made enquiries which resulted in an improvement of the street-lighting at a dangerous spot, thus helping to avoid further accidents.

I don't like anonymous letters, but some are written by well-intentioned folk who fear victimisation. I'm glad you realise it, but I wish more of your fellow-coroners did. JOHN BULL.

Constable F. BLUNDELL,
Bow Street, London, W.C.

DEAR BLUNDELL,—On leaving St. Thomas's Hospital after recovering from an operation you found a house on fire across the road.

You dashed into the flames, rescued a woman with her baby in her arms, and carried them to the hospital for treatment.

I'm proud to have you as a near neighbour, and glad that your gallantry has been recognised by your station's reward fund. JOHN BULL.

Dr. J. K. FOTHERINGHAM,
Oxford

LEARNED SIR,—I am astounded at your protest against letting Oxford Town Hall for whist-drives, because, you say, they turn the building into a disorderly house.

Perhaps they do—legally—but many clerical bodies meet in that hall annually. Are they contaminated through sitting in a room used on a previous evening for innocent enjoyment? JOHN BULL.

THOMAS GREAVES,
Skelmanthorpe, Yorks

GREAVES,—To steal the savings of your father, whose wages are very small, is just black-hearted villainy.

But even that, apparently, has not embittered him against you. For he told the magistrates that he was willing to take you back and pay your hotel bill, and so succeeded in getting you bound over.

A father like that is a man to be proud of. JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Manchester City Council

SIR,—Only the economy maniacs will admire Manchester's curtailment of swimming instruction to school-children.

Eight schools entirely unable to send youngsters to the baths, a 2,500 drop in bath attendances—this is only the first result.

But shall we have to put over the graves of drowned children: "They went to school in Manchester in 1933"? JOHN BULL.

IRELAND *at the* Crossroads

by

A. G. Gardiner

IRELAND goes to the poll next Tuesday. I doubt whether any nation ever had a more momentous decision to make than that which Ireland will make on that day.

The issue is as clean cut as it is momentous. For whatever criticism may be directed against Mr. De Valera, no one can doubt his boldness and his candour.

He knows what he wants and he makes for his goal with an inflexible and uncompromising directness for which even his opponents should be grateful.

They know where they are with him and what they have to face, and since the issue has to be fought, it is best that it should be fought in a clear atmosphere and with all the cards on the table.

Before discussing what the battle is about, let us look at the disposition of the battlefield. There are 150 seats to be filled and there are 250 candidates in the field. Of these, 130 are fighting under the De Valera banner. They include a small contingent of Labour men, led by Mr. Norton, who, though not members of the De Valera Party, are supporting his policy.

On the other side are 118 candidates, over 80 of whom belong to Mr. Cosgrave's Party, and the bulk of the rest to the new Centre Party led by Mr. Frank MacDermot and mainly representing the farmers. For the purpose of the election the Centre Party may be reckoned with the Cosgrave Party, just as Labour, though independent, must be reckoned with the De Valera Party.

The big broom

To come to the issue. It is whether the Irish Free State is to remain inside the British Commonwealth of Nations, or is to become an independent nation.

It is true that Mr. De Valera does not formally declare for a Republic But he makes no concealment of the fact that he is a Republican and that his intention is to establish a Republic.

He has already gone very far in that direction. If he has not specifically repudiated the Anglo-Irish Treaty which established the Irish Free State, he has shown that he regards it as a scrap of paper that can be thrown into the wastepaper-basket whenever the time to do so is ripe.

He has abolished the Oath of Allegiance. He has appropriated the land annuities which Ireland had covenanted to pay to this country. He has declined to submit that action to Commonwealth arbitration. He has provoked a tariff war with Britain. And though he has not yet abolished the Governor-Generalship, which is the last symbol of the Free State's association with the British system, he has treated it with ostentatious disrespect, and clearly indicated his intention to sweep it away in the near future.

Last link severed

Now he is appealing to the country to endorse what he has done, and to give him a mandate to complete his policy. If the mandate is given, I do not think it can be doubted that the last link in the political connection of Great Britain and Ireland will be broken. Ireland will become a foreign country.

It is not only political isolation that Mr. De Valera contemplates. He is prepared for economic isolation.

He aims at the creation of an economically self-contained community, indifferent alike to imports and exports. The country is to be ringed round with tariff walls and to be made independent of external trade. The British market

The two voices—one crying an ancient grudge, the other vibrant with new hope—Cosgrave and De Valera—a composite photograph

for Irish cattle, butter, and bacon is to be sacrificed on the one hand, and the import of British manufactures is to be stopped on the other.

The farmers are to be compensated for the loss of their British trade by the increased purchasing power of the community. That increased purchasing power is to be stimulated by the industrial development of the country.

Manufactures which have hitherto been bought abroad are to be manufactured at home, and the increased prosperity of the towns is to provide a market for the agricultural produce. In this way the Irish are to live happily ever afterwards by taking in each other's washing.

It is this naive economic doctrine, more than his policy of political separation, that alarms his opponents.

I shall not, I think, do either Mr. Cosgrave or Mr. McDermot any wrong in suggesting that if it was the political association with this country which was alone the issue they would not be seriously distressed about the result. If it was to the interests of Ireland to cut adrift from the British Commonwealth they would have no sentimental objections to doing so.

But being plain men of the world, they realise that Mr. De Valera's policy threatens Ireland with economic disaster.

Vital alliance

"I implore you," says Mr. McDermot in his manifesto to the farmers —"I implore you to save yourselves from the ruin of beggary towards which you are rushing." In three months, he says, Mr. De Valera's policy has lost the Irish farmers trade to the tune of £9,000,000. Three times the value of the annuities in three months! And the quarrel might be settled in three days with a reasonable Government in power.

The plain fact, of course, is that an economic alliance with Great Britain is vital to Ireland. England is not only the best customer of Ireland: it is almost the only customer.

Take the statistics of 1931, the last year before Mr. De Valera came into power. In that year the Irish Free State exported products to the value of £46,000,000. How much of that total came to the United Kingdom? £37,000,000. In other words, something like four-fifths of the trade of Ireland was done with this country.

Nor is this all. I do not know what the number of Irishmen in England is, but it probably runs into millions. It would not surprise me to know that the Irish in England number not far short of the total of the Irish in Free State Ireland. In Glasgow and in London, for example, they must be reckoned by the hundred thousand. They are not foreigners as Mr. De Valera proposes to make them.

Both will suffer

They are citizens with every political right and social privilege that the English themselves enjoy. Is it quite wise that they should be offered the choice of disavowing their native country or becoming aliens in that in which they are earning their living on the plane of equal citizenship?

And what of the Irish who want a career in England? Will it be quite as agreeable to them to be admitted (or rejected) as foreigners when they might claim entrance as members of the same Commonwealth?

All the interest, of course, is not on one side. Ireland is economically important to Britain, too.

She is, or has been, one of our best customers. She took from us in 1931 imports to the value of £38,000,000, an amount slightly in excess of Ireland's exports to us. And though that does not represent four-fifths of our exports, but less than one-tenth, it is business that we can ill do without.

It is these immediate economic facts, and not the ancient political grudges, that Mr. Cosgrave and Mr. MacDermot have in mind in the opposition they are offering to the policy of Mr. De Valera.

They see that Ireland and England are economically necessary to each other, and as practical statesmen they stand for a policy of good will and mutual helpfulness.

Their vision is into the future. Mr. De Valera's is into the past. Ireland will decide next Tuesday whether it will nurse an ancient grudge or a new hope.

Not from the B.B.C.—Sir John Reith, Director-General of the B.B.C., on

Radio Aids to Wrath

THAT elderly lady who lived in a shoe
And managed a large - sized family
Frequently didn't know what to do,
And that is often the case with me.

For I have a family, mixed and large,
Of every size and shape and creed;
And it isn't a joke to be in charge
Of all the boys of the broadcast breed!

No matter how carefully I may walk,
On somebody's corns my children tread,
And I hear next morning that last night's "talk"
Was "much too Tory" or "far too Red."

Then somebody has to be soundly smacked,
Or someone's pardon I've got to beg,
Or else explain that my lads, in fact,
Were merely pulling the public's leg.

So, although I manage to keep my poise,
No harassed mother need envy me
My job as boss of those terrible boys—
The bad, bad boys of the B.B.C.!

I am told that, following recent events, Broadcasting House has been nicknamed the Bad Boys' Club. I have had to explain away so many matters that some people are saying that all these "incidents" can scarcely have been accidents. Those who talk thus do not realise the magnitude of my task and the variety of the "interests" I have to refrain from offending.

There is scarcely a subject about which my tame orators can prattle without annoying somebody. No matter how carefully they try to confine themselves to platitudes, every now and then a thought —usually a very small one—or an opinion creeps in.

You wouldn't believe how difficult it is to burble into a microphone for ten minutes without saying something to offend the religious susceptibilities of earnest Callithumpians, arousing the wrath of the Eskimo Ambassador or frightening the wits out of a dear old lady at Slocum-on-Sludge.

My bad boys, apparently, were particularly naughty on New Year's Eve, for not only was the Polish Embassy annoyed, but various listeners, who had apparently banished the depression by filling 'em up again and singing "Auld Lang Syne," complained that a B.B.C. pessimist had outraged Good Taste by hinting at the existence of an economic crisis.

Even when we once made up our minds to be really funny and engaged Father Knox to give an imaginary account of a Bolshevist rising, we read next morning of nervous citizens having been awake all night listening for the sound of the guns and wondering when Field-Marshal Winston Churchill would drive the invaders from the country.

Yet, despite all this, I retain my impeccable manners and always apologise at the right moment.

"Thou shalt not think a single thought;
Thou shalt not say a single thing,"
Each broadcast speaker's told—in fact,
They are required to speak and act
Like bees who buzz but do not sting.

Thou shalt not jest, in case, perchance,
Somebody may not see the joke;
And thou must carefully refuse
On any subject to have "views,"
And never shalt thou borax poke.

Thou shalt say nothing—at great length!
And if some listeners should arise
To tell you you're a blooming bore,
Leave them to me—and I'll, once more,
Most courteously apologise!

BANNED *from* His Pulpit

Archbishop, Peer and Parson

Lord Trevor. He described the curate's sermon as "very revolutionary"—and lodged a complaint with the Archbishop

UNDER such headings as "A Parish Mystery" and "A Curacy Problem," strangely vague announcements appeared a few days ago in the newspapers regarding the "resignation" of a humble curate of a little-known church in North Wales.

He is the Rev. Lewis E. Roberts, of Chirk, Denbighshire.

Readers of the announcements were left perplexed. It is not usual for national newspapers to devote space to the affairs of obscure members of the junior clergy, and none of them attempted to elucidate the "mystery" of this supposed resignation.

Let it be made clear at once that the reports of Mr. Roberts' resignation are false. He has been dismissed.

And, when the truth is looked for, there is neither mystery nor problem in his removal.

The whole truth must be told in this case for two clear reasons: One is that the facts are a challenge to the Church which must be answered; the other is that a young curate has been broken in his career.

Vital problem

Only a few weeks ago Dr. Barnes, the Bishop of Birmingham, speaking in Westminster Abbey, rebuked the leaders of the Christian Churches because, in regard to Peace and War, they were neither hot nor cold.

Mr. Roberts asserts that he has been sacrificed for daring to expound his views upon the most vital problem of the times.

Since he left Oxford University, where he went after his war service, Mr. Roberts, who is thirty-four, has made many contributions to the subject of Disarmament both in the lay and religious Press.

His arguments and views so expressed were the outcome of personal experience and extensive research, and he entered the Church because he regarded it as the best and fittest vehicle for the preaching of Peace.

No one would accuse Mr. Roberts of fanaticism, excessive zeal, or lack of patriotism. His conduct and public utterances since he became a priest are acknowledged by the parishioners to have been proper and moderate, and among the ordinary people of the district he had undoubtedly won popularity and respect

It is in high places he has caused offence.

Although the storm has just broken, it is necessary to go back for more than a year to find its origin One day then Mr Roberts was summoned to appear before Dr. Edwards, the eighty-four-years-old Archbishop of Wales, and to present for inspection the manuscript of a sermon he had delivered on the previous Sunday.

The Archbishop mentioned that from a certain quarter he had received objections to the tone of the sermon, but, after reading the script, he approved the substance of it and even complimented Mr. Roberts.

In the year that followed there was no further reference to the incident. But, during that time, Mr. Roberts states, whenever he conducted service in the parish church, Lord Trevor, the seventy-years-old squire of Chirk, was not in the congregation.

The real trouble, ending in disaster for Mr. Roberts, began some weeks ago when he was making arrangements for a public meeting, similar to hundreds of others held all over Britain, upon the relation of the Christian Church to War.

The Rev. Lewis Roberts, removed from the Church because he dared to preach disarmament from the pulpit

Naturally, he sent an invitation to the squire to preside at the meeting.

Lord Trevor hurled a bombshell in reply. He not only refused, but revealed that it was he who, more than a year previously, had complained to the Archbishop about the curate's sermon.

That sermon he now described as very revolutionary, and stated that Mr. Roberts had told the congregation to put a totally different form of government in power and to stop at nothing but bloodshed.

According to the script of Mr. Roberts' sermon, what he actually said was that so long as there was no bloodshed and no taking of life, mankind could derive nothing but the highest benefit from trying out new arrangements and new ideas and ideals in domestic, social, political and international relations.

The next accusation Lord Trevor made against Mr. Roberts was that he had thrown mud upon "noodles in high places who brought on the World War."

What Mr. Roberts had actually said was that old minds had brought the hideous evil of war and it would seem that for their punishment they had been stricken with intellectual paralysis and spiritual atrophy.

A patriot

"It is far better for the clergy," Lord Trevor's letter went on, "to abstain from preaching political sermons. To go to the length you did is outrageous. You should confine yourself to preaching the Word of God, not open revolution."

Lord Trevor is known throughout Wales as an intense patriot. In the war, at the age of fifty-four, he was a Red Cross ambulance driver, and was decorated for service with the French Army.

Discovering for the first time, however, that Lord Trevor was under a complete misconception as to what he had said in the year-old sermon. Mr. Roberts went to the squire to explain the misunderstanding.

There is no doubt that the meeting between the peer and the curate was a very heated one.

According to Mr. Roberts' account of it, Lord Trevor refused to hear any explanation, said it was a bad day for the parish when the curate came to it, and declared that the views which Mr. Roberts preached were insults to men like the late Lord Curzon, who Lord Trevor said was his kinsman, and to other people in high stations who conducted the Great War.

On the same day, Mr. Roberts was ordered to appear at once before the Archbishop.

The Archbishop, apparently aware of the forthcoming public meeting and the invitation to Lord Trevor to preside, told Mr. Roberts that henceforward he must not preach upon the subject of Disarmament.

Recently the Archbishops of Canterbury and York joined in a national memorial and deputation to the Prime Minister upon Disarmament with the leaders of the other Churches, but the Archbishop of Wales abstained from any part in both.

War record

As justification for his command, the Archbishop, according to Mr. Roberts' version of the interview, said he knew more about war than Mr. Roberts, as he had lost a son in battle.

Mr. Roberts at the age of sixteen was in the Great War from the beginning and was severely wounded. After serving on the Western Front he was sent to Archangel as adjutant of a Russian "White" regiment, which later joined the Bolshevik revolution and murdered all the native officers. He was kept in a Moscow jail for nine months.

Four days later Mr. Roberts was again summoned to the Archbishop's palace, and this time was accused of having called Lord Trevor a blackguard and a liar at his meeting with the squire.

Mr. Roberts denied the charge.

But the Archbishop insisted that Mr. Roberts should resign the Chirk curacy. To this demand Mr. Roberts replied by letter, stating that it was intolerable that a priest should be penalised for expressing views which happened to be at variance with those of a wealthy and influential layman.

It was also against the traditions and best interests of the Church, Mr. Roberts added, that a junior cleric should alter or suppress views upon an important problem like Disarmament and Peace simply because his ecclesiastical superiors held different views.

The sequel to this letter was another order to present himself to the Archbishop, who now announced that Mr. Roberts was to cease all duties in the diocese.

The fullest effect has since been given to the threat of dismissal from the Chirk curacy. Another curate has been appointed in Mr. Roberts' place.

The Archbishop of Wales ordered that Mr. Roberts was to cease all duties in the diocese

The best answer

It is true that the Archbishop has also offered to endeavour to find a curacy elsewhere for Mr. Roberts. But to accept such an offer, Mr. Roberts has replied, would be a surrender of principle and betrayal of conscience because he has never preached anything which he has not considered to be true Christianity.

The case of Mr. Roberts, Lord Trevor and the Archbishop of Wales is far from being a local squabble. Great principles are involved.

Are members of the clergy to be punished because they advocate Peace and Disarmament?

Are the clergy to have the views they express from the pulpit dictated by members of the congregation?

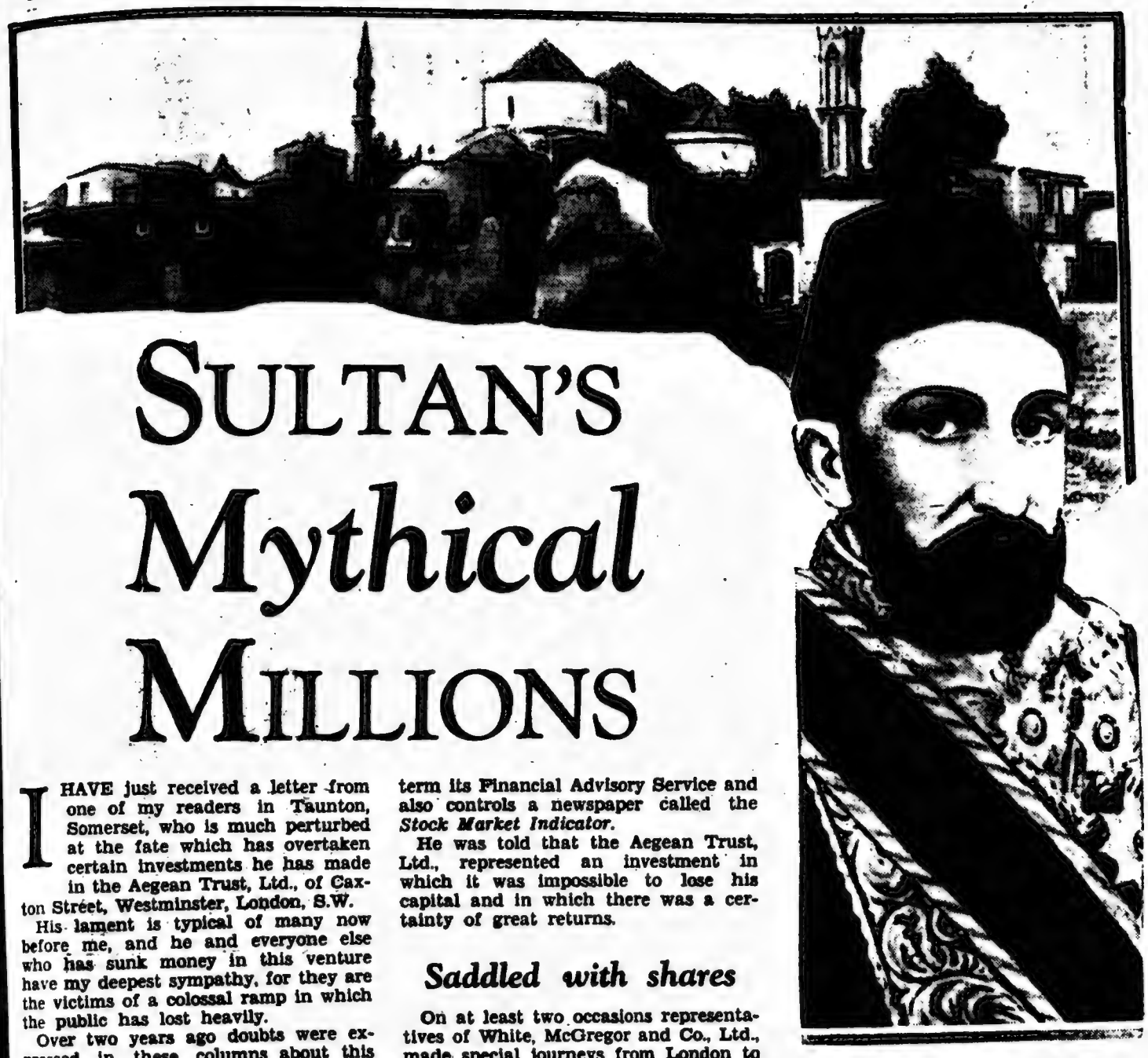
The best answer to these questions would be the immediate reinstatement of the Rev. L. E. Roberts.

THE "BAD GIRL."

Jean Harlow's success as the underdressed, over-sexed vamp of "Hell's Angels" brought her much fame, but little happiness.

Paul Bern, the man who brought love and tragedy into her life, advised her to go on a "Personal Appearance" Tour throughout the States. She "knocked 'em cold," as the Americans say, and received about £1,000 a week.

Paul Bern's "Good Samaritan" acts to this "Bad Girl" are worth knowing and make interesting reading. You'll learn all about them if you read this week's instalment of the Platinum Blonde's Life Story, which is now running in *The Picturegoer*, now on sale.



SULTAN'S *Mythical* MILLIONS

I HAVE just received a letter from one of my readers in Taunton, Somerset, who is much perturbed at the fate which has overtaken certain investments he has made in the Aegean Trust, Ltd., of Caxton Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

His lament is typical of many now before me, and he and everyone else who has sunk money in this venture have my deepest sympathy, for they are the victims of a colossal ramp in which the public has lost heavily.

Over two years ago doubts were expressed in these columns about this same concern, and the present sorry position shows all too plainly that the warning then given was fully justified.

The Aegean Trust, Ltd., is concerned with one of the most romantic projects imaginable, having been formed to recover lost estates of Abd-ul-Hamid Han II., late Sultan of Turkey, who died in captivity in Salonika after a particularly turbulent reign.

Scattered wealth

Fantastic figures have been named in connection with the lost estates, and investors have been told of the struggles of the Sultan's nine surviving widows and their thirteen children to recover the millions that are supposed to have been filched away by foreign Powers.

Then certain American financiers entered the field with a scheme to tackle this colossal problem on businesslike lines.

Huge sums are said to have been expended in searching records and collecting title deeds respecting the late Sultan's estates in Macedonia, Greece, Thessaly, Syria, Cyprus and Mesopotamia. And this organised effort, it has been claimed, has met with considerable success.

My Taunton reader was introduced to this picturesque speculation by a firm known as White, McGregor and Co., Ltd., of Fearon House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

This firm runs what it is pleased to term its Financial Advisory Service and also controls a newspaper called the *Stock Market Indicator*.

He was told that the Aegean Trust, Ltd., represented an investment in which it was impossible to lose his capital and in which there was a certainty of great returns.

Saddled with shares

On at least two occasions representatives of White, McGregor and Co., Ltd., made special journeys from London to Taunton to discuss the proposition at great length, and my reader was given every assurance that the opportunity was too good to be lost.

He agreed to invest £40 at first, but having secured his interest the share-pushers renewed their efforts and sold him a further parcel of shares for £60.

Having by this time ascertained that he had money they then redoubled their efforts, with the result that ten days after this second sale they saddled this investor with further shares to the value of £350.

Even this did not end their campaign. With astonishing persistency they kept telling him that he was "on a good thing" and some months afterwards he was induced to invest a further £200, bringing his commitments up to £650 in all.

And he is only one victim in this huge ramp. Others are to be found in places as far afield as Letchworth, Stockport, Ryde (Isle of Wight), County Clare (Ireland), Bakewell, Carmarthen and Blackpool.

Inspiring motto

Many complaints, I find, are reaching the City of London police, which is not surprising since White, McGregor and Co., Ltd., recently departed from their London office.

Yet, up to the time of its sudden disappearance this firm enjoyed the confidence of thousands of investors throughout the country.

Its motto was "Safety with Capital Appreciation," and the very quality of its printed matter and stationery suggested stability.

Part of its alleged service to members included expert reports on any investment or security in which they might be interested.

One reader tells me that when he was slow in acting upon White, McGregor's recommendations they literally bombarded him with such convincing printed matter that he "finally yielded."

The late Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid Han II.— and a scene in Cyprus, where some of his lost estates were supposed to be

A feature of this concern's campaign has been to send out "Special Bulletins" in which it has hinted at unique opportunities to come.

"You will receive within the next fortnight, or shortly thereafter," runs one such "bulletin," "information relative to an opportunity which comes so seldom that we urge you to give the matter your careful consideration."

Their appetite whetted in this way, clients are asked to hold themselves in readiness to take advantage of the opportunity, full details of which will be sent to them in due course.

"Their recommendations collapsed altogether, losing all my money," is one pathetic lament before me, which may be taken as typical.

So much for the financial experts who have been so actively pushing the shares of the Aegean Trust, and who have now closed their office doors and departed.

But what of the Trust itself?

I find that nearly £300,000 has found its way into its coffers, but no dividend has ever been paid in spite of the confident promises that have been made.

At one time it was even suggested that investments would bear the incredible return of £104 for every £5 invested. Many of the investors to-day would be glad to receive back 104 pence!

No nearer

Certain investors, I find, have been mulcted of £5 for shares which have a nominal value of only 5s., and it would be illuminating to know exactly where all this money has gone.

So far as I can gather, the prospects of realising anything on the late Sultan's scattered estates seem no nearer to-day than they were when this amazing campaign first started in this country.

A lot of money, I know, has disappeared abroad in other concerns which originally raised funds to exploit this same silly scheme and whose alleged "rights" were acquired by the Aegean Trust, Ltd., for considerations other than cash.

The prime mover behind the scenes in the Aegean Trust, Ltd., is an American financier named John Campbell, who has gained his doubtful experience in a number of other financial ramps.

At least one financial operation with which he has been concerned in the past has been the subject of serious complaints.

In view of the way in which the British public has been mulcted through the Aegean Trust, Ltd., I hope that it may be possible for official action to be taken in order that their interests may be protected.

CASH YOUR VOUCHERS!

Our Great New Year Offer of 5s. and 2s. 6d. Gift Vouchers, which will be accepted on their face value in part payment for the famous JOHN BULL Pen and Pencil Sets, definitely expires on January 31.

We urge those who have not yet cashed their Gift Vouchers to do so without delay. They appear on page 2.

Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

CROOK *in the* "Dole" Queue

AN exceptionally mean trick is being practised upon unemployed men by a rogue who makes a point of loitering in the "dole" queue at employment exchanges in order to find likely victims.

He has been in the Herne Hill, London, area quite recently, and the story of one man whom he caught there furnishes a fair idea of his methods.

Accosting this victim as he came out of the employment exchange, he pretended to be waiting for a man to whom he had promised work.

When he had asked one or two questions about the hours at which men were supposed to sign on, he said he would wait no longer and offered to give our reader a trial in his place.

They went to a telephone-box, where the stranger rang up his father to see if he approved of his decision in thus engaging another hand.

A plausible conversation was carried on in the hearing of the prospective employee, who was afterwards assured that he would be given a week's work and could start at once.

Details of wages were fixed and they then set off for Victoria, where the work was supposed to be in progress. On the way the stranger called in at an office, saying that he had an account to settle. He rejoined his companion a few minutes later, with his wallet in his hand, and asked if he could borrow 8s. as the firm could not give him change.

The man lent him a ten-shilling note, and after the bill had presumably been paid, the pair set off for a block of flats near Victoria.

* * *

Again the new employee waited outside and his companion came back presently to say that his father was having tea in the buffet at Victoria Station, so they would go and find him.

On arrival at the station the man looked into the buffet, pretended to see his father and said they had better wait outside for him.

They waited for fifteen minutes or so; then the stranger said he would go and speak to his father. Actually, he gave his dupe the slip.

When our reader realised how he had been tricked he immediately went to the police, who could only tell him that he had been victimised by a rogue who has similarly robbed a number of unemployed men in recent weeks.

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WHOOPING-COUGH.—Vapo Cresolene allays irritation, quickly relieves cough and breathing difficulty. Free Booklet No. 29L from Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.2.

RHEUMATISM ROUTED.—Celunox Brand Tablets, Nature's own remedy made from celery, never fail to give relief. Boxes 6d. and 1/3. Boots and all chemists, or post free, six stamps.—Dept. 15, Celunox, Ltd., Edgware, Middlesex.

FOR the too active brain "Allenbury's" Diet is the best night-cap. Send 3d. stamps for 1-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanbury's, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.3), 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

IMMEDIATE relief from Chilblains on Hands and Feet assured by using DELSIM, the guaranteed Chilblain remedy.—Obtainable only direct. Send P.O. 1/-, Rownham, Woodhall Spa.

NAIL-BITING CURED (Adults and Children). —A Free Explanatory Booklet is offered on p. 3.

A GENEROUS trial bottle of FAMEL Brand SYRUP for Coughs and Colds will be sent to readers enclosing 6d. in stamps to the address in the advt. on p. 26.

FREE TO INDIGESTION SUFFERERS. A 9d. tin of Birley's Antacid Powder. Simply fill in the coupon in the advt. on p. 33 and enclose in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp.

READERS' attention is drawn to the interesting advt. of BOOTS the CHEMISTS, and the wonderful service rendered by them to the millions of customers whom they serve every year. This appears on p. 23.

A GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE OF "ROBOLEINE" will be sent to readers filling in coupon on p. 24.

FREE TRIAL OF POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE, Smoking Mixture, &c., and free booklet. Use coupon p. 39.

SUFFERERS FROM CATARRH can obtain a free sample of "Nostroline." Simply write J.18, Clifton, Bristol. See offer on p. 30.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
You can't stop eating them.
All Sweet Shops.

"ACHIEVE YOUR LIFE-AIM." First lessons in Self-Culture saves you money, secures your prosperity. Particulars free.—Logical Living, 6, Conduit Street, London, W.1.

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS in your own home. Commence small, grow big. Expenses low, profits high. Either sex, anywhere, can commence in this lucrative, fascinating business. A free folder, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," fully describes the Hand system of mail order selling, and a copy will be sent post free and without obligation if you write to Chas. Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., W.C.1. Mention *John Bull* and enclose 1½d. stamp.

FREE.—Send for the illus. booklet showing over 100 Free Gifts offered in exchange for coupons from ROWNTREE'S COCOA.—Write, Dept. J.B.1, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. Every ½-lb. tin contains 3 free gift coupons. See p. 25.

READERS' attention is drawn to the offer of FREE TUMBLERS with every 1/- tube of ODOL Tooth Paste. See the offer on the Front Cover.

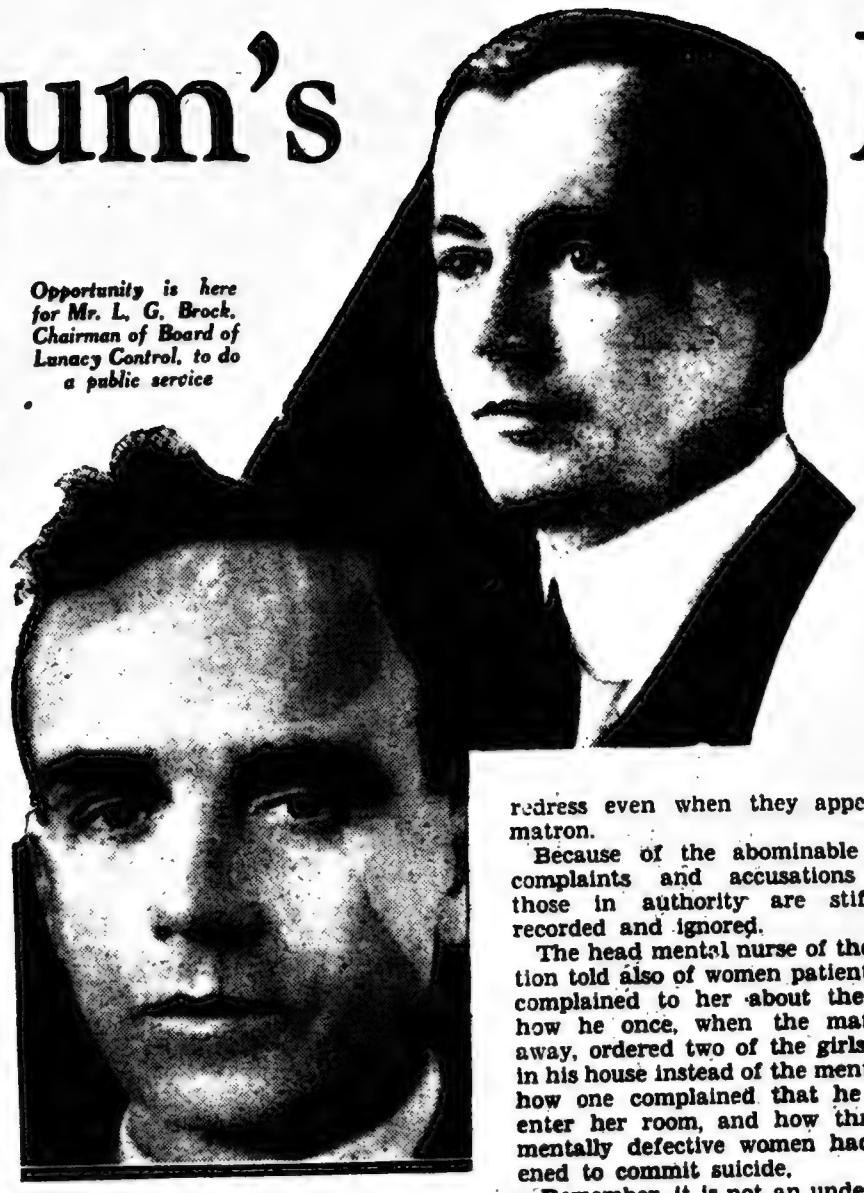
THE Tremendous demand for PALMOLIVE SOAP has made possible a big reduction in price. Formerly 4½d., a full size tablet can now be bought for 3d. This interesting news is announced on p. 25.

A TESTING bottle of "KOTALKO" for Hair troubles is offered in the advt. on p. 35.

MAKE YOUR OWN BEER.—A trial size of "Viggormalt" is offered on p. 27.

Asylum's DARK Secrets

WHY WERE THEY SUPPRESSED?



Opportunity is here for Mr. L. G. Brock, Chairman of Board of Lunacy Control, to do a public service

Mr. Arthur Jenkins, Chairman of the Monmouth County Council, must discover why the facts remained hidden so long

WHAT really goes on behind the walls of the mental institutions of this country?

Scarcely a week passes without JOHN BULL receiving from the afflicted patients in these places or from their relatives pathetic accounts of incidents in which injury is caused to the body or mind.

Regularly also at coroners' courts allegations of brutality and maltreatment are made.

Never, however, do the lunacy authorities seem to find reason to take action; if they do, the public is not reassured by any announcement of the fact.

The wretched people who complain are either certified lunatics or mental defectives and their testimony is apparently worthless. The institution officials are sane and they can do no wrong.

When it does happen that the authorities are forced to hold an investigation into the charges made by institution inmates there is invariably a deliberate and successful effort made to prevent publicity being given to disclosures regarding the experiences of the mental patients.

Helpless women

JOHN BULL has just completed its own enquiry into the disturbing circumstances in which the master of a large institution near Griffithstown, in Monmouthshire, has resigned his post.

The case reveals in every particular the extraordinary helplessness of poor creatures—in this instance, all women—who are detained in lunacy establishments and who make accusations of the most serious kind against those who are put in charge of them.

There has been a public official investigation of a few of the allegations made against the administration of this institution. But the enquiry was brought to a dead stop at the very moment when the most terrible of the grave charges—those involving the women mental patients—were due to be sifted

Nothing more has been heard of them. It suits the lunacy authorities' book that it should be so.

The master of this institution was William John Williams, and the decision to hold an enquiry into his conduct, which was conducted by officers of the Ministry of Health and the Board of Lunacy Control, was reached after he had been suspended from duty by the Monmouth County Council following a petition signed by members of the staff

The official investigation was farcical in so far that it dealt only with Williams' relations with the institution servants and made not the slightest attempt openly to probe definite statements of alleged interference with women mental patients.

"Afraid to tell"

Yet, it has emerged, the happenings at the institution were only brought to a head by a mentally defective girl inmate who, it was said, had prayed for years that they might come to an end.

A cook related that the master molested her in the kitchen in the mornings when he came from his room in his pyjamas. He tried to kiss her and she insisted on having two other girls with her as protectors. When she refused to send them away she was threatened and fainted.

That was the personal story of an able-bodied young woman, well fitted to take care of herself.

Then she made the further amazing statement that five mentally-afflicted girls in the institution had made complaints to her regarding the conduct of the master. She was, she said, "afraid to tell anyone—it was such a terrible thing."

Why should a member of the staff of a lunacy institution be afraid to make known accusations of the kind? Is it because of the fierce and tyrannical rule with which such places are declared by those who have had experience of them to be governed?

No attempt was made at the official investigation to give any explanation of the cause the staff had for fear.

One woman officer of the institution, it was stated, had been dismissed because she had complained.

Stifled complaints

Who dismissed her? Are not the committees in charge of mental institutions required to authorise the removal of members of the staff and did the committee in this case attempt to discover the truth of the officer's complaints?

Again, the official investigation failed to give the public any assurance upon the existence of even such elementary safeguards for the defenceless inmates of mental houses.

Other women members of the staff gave instances of acts of familiarity towards them by the master. All of them spoke of his insistence on their listening to his objectionable stories, how he made improper suggestions, and how he entered unannounced a bedroom in which three of them were practically unclothed.

The bulk of the evidence was of this kind. Whenever the witnesses spoke of complaints by the patients, it was revealed that no action was taken.

Even an assistant matron declared that she had heard reports regarding the master's relations with inmates, and one girl had actually complained direct to her—but she did nothing in the matter.

What a sidelight upon the mental homes administration!

Women patients who make the gravest charges against an official cannot expect redress even when they appeal to a matron.

Because of the abominable system, complaints and accusations against those in authority are stifled, unrecorded and ignored.

The head mental nurse of the institution told also of women patients having complained to her about the master; how he once, when the matron was away, ordered two of the girls to sleep in his house instead of the mental block; how one complained that he tried to enter her room, and how three other mentally defective women had threatened to commit suicide.

Remember, it is not an under-servant who describes these incidents and complaints. It is the head mental attendant of a big institution.

Why, then, was nothing done?

Keep quiet, or—?

Her explanation is that even she, in her position, was afraid to report these things lest she suffered dismissal. The nurse who previously held her post had been dismissed for doing so.

No more dreadful indictment of the asylums' administration was ever made than when these women revealed that accusations by the inmates are suppressed because even senior members of the staff lose their jobs if they dare to make them known.

When a number of women workers at the institution had described the manner in which they were treated by the master, Williams agreed that he was not a fit and proper person to occupy the position, and he there and then resigned.

And there and then the public enquiry ended. The authorities said they did not want to hear more evidence.

Why not?

There were still a large number of witnesses to be heard, among them, and most important of all, women mental patients.

Let's have light!

None of them was called. The master's resignation was seized upon as an opportunity to stop the public investigation and prevent the whole truth about what can happen in mental establishments from becoming known.

It is astounding that members of the staffs of such institutions should have to fear dismissal if they record allegations against their superiors by patients.

It is necessary that, *as these incidents had been happening over a number of years*, explanations shall be forthcoming why the committee in charge of this particular institution remained blind to the truth.

However uncomfortable the lunacy authorities may feel about the revelations in this case, the searchlight must be switched on again—not to demonstrate an official's guilt, but to show to the public the true interior of a mental institution.

A Policeman's Tragedy

A YOUNG member of the Royal Ulster Constabulary has just ended his life in despair, and many of his old comrades feel that he was driven to this act by the failure of a claim he had made for compensation.

He is George Wilton, of Belfast, who had been with the Royal Ulster Constabulary from the time of its inception. His record was good.

He enjoyed the best of health until a little while back when a prisoner, whom he was arresting, suddenly became violent and butted him in the stomach.

From that moment Wilton became subject to bad internal pains, which so impaired his health that he had to resign.

* * *

When he claimed compensation in the usual way, he met with rebuff. It was held that his ill-health was not attributable to his service and that he was suffering from consumption.

Friends who were aware of the whole circumstances fought his case with the Ministry of Home Affairs of the Ulster Government, but the official decision was that statutory regulations made no provision for compensation to meet his case.

Meanwhile, Wilton had to undergo two operations, and his health grew steadily worse.

How deeply he resented the indifference of the authorities to his plight is shown by the way in which he finally sought to end his troubles.

* * *

Going to the police barracks, where he was, of course, well known, he took a revolver from one of the lockers and shot himself through the head.

It is a thousand pities that red tape could not have been stretched to meet a case which undoubtedly merited special consideration.

Wilton, unfortunately, cannot be restored to life, but at least something can be done by making provision for his widow and children.

Such a gesture on the part of the authorities would be unanimously applauded by the 2,800 men of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, who have been greatly shocked by the tragedy which has befallen their late comrade.

Giving 'em socks

BRITISH workmen in famous Leicestershire factories are working at full pressure to knit enough socks to satisfy 'Sports' smokers. Thousands of pairs are already in daily use and our post is full of letters praising them. These socks stand real hard wear. They are strong, all wool, ribbed pattern and you can have your choice of four colours—Black, Navy, Army Grey or Heather. Three sizes, 10, 10½ and 11. Set yourself up with socks for the year. This offer is open until Easter 1933.

Per pair : 25 packet fronts only

B·D·V

GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED PROPRIETORS

SPORTS CIGARETTES

Any pair for 25 packet fronts only

5 for 2d.

£8000 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS. *£400 must be won weekly (11 matches only). Ask your tobacconist for B.D.V 'Sports' entry form*

AS GOOD AS THE BEST OF 'EM—GIVES MORE THAN THE REST OF 'EM

FOIL the FAKE Honour Mongers

by A LAWYER

A FEW days ago I received a visit from a friend who lives in a London suburb. She is not a rich woman, but she had saved money enough to send her boy to a private school.

Impressed by the letters behind one schoolmaster's name (he is M.A., Ph.D., D.Sc., and a few other things), she sent the boy to him. And now, finding out that the man is a complete ignoramus, she wonders if she has a remedy.

And she has not.

The fellow bought his M.A. for two guineas from a fraud as bad as himself, the Ph.D. comes from a "university" in America (there is one member of this university and he sells the degrees), the D.Sc. was thrown in with the M.A. for nothing.

Yet there is nothing to be done.

To-day, any rascal who chooses can sell, without any qualification whatever, those honourable letters which denote a university degree; and any other rogue who likes to pay for a title to which he has not the remotest right can use it to deceive those as simple as my friend. And up and down the country there are dozens of sham "professors" working hand in hand with the purveyors of sham fellowships.

Dealer in degrees

Sometimes people wonder why, since there is no law to stop a man putting any combination of letters that he chooses behind his name, it should still be worth a person's while to buttress his claim with a bogus degree, and to purchase it off one of those impostors who, trading under such high-falutin' titles as the Faculty of Science or the International Accountants' Corporation, make it their business to sell them.

The answer is that some sort of evidence is desirable to impress the simplest people.

The degree can be bought, emblazoned on paper much more valuable than itself. It can be hung up in a man's room to impress his visitors—a hood of fancy colours may be donned with an imposing black gown—and if the claim be questioned, the supposed university can always be rolled trippingly off the tongue.

In the past, JOHN BULL has given repeated warnings about these bogus degree mongers.

There was, for instance, a Faculty of Science in New Oxford Street, a London College of Physiology, and the Intercollegiate University, and the International Accountants' Corporation—and there are other bolder individuals who usurp the titles of real universities.

Not long ago, a man in Clapham, who called himself a university, used to dish out Fellowships, Professorships and Doctorates of "the University of London," on the ground presumably that Clapham is in London; and somewhere in the United States a purveyor of letters trades under the name of Cornell, which is also that of a real university.

The sums that these people charge depend, of course, on the eagerness of their clients to buy, and it is a nice point of morality to decide between the varying degrees of guilt of those who sell and those who purchase.

One-man universities

Fellows of the International Accountants' Corporation were asked for £1 12s.; its Associates in Accountancy were cheaper at £1 2s. 8d. And it may be worth while to pay a good deal. For there is no limit to the fraudulent purpose for which a bogus degree can be put.

Many people, it is true, purchase the things from pure vanity, but there are others, like my friend's schoolmaster, whose motives run further.

A claim to teach children is not the only one which it is useful to buttress with those letters that are in every sense imposing.

The boards of bogus companies look better for a few bogus B.A.s. Quack medicines can be recommended by bogus doctors. Glib impostors claiming to be Bachelors of Science, or Doctors of Philosophy, find it amazingly easy to impose themselves as ministers on small dissenting congregations in rural districts, and more particularly in the suburbs, where the scandal is now at its worst.

So long as the adventurer is out to get some kind of degree there will be one-man "universities" enough to sell them, and while there are no laws to punish this particular form of pretence the thing will continue and unfortunate people like my suburban friend will go on paying over money to cheats who are no better for deceiving themselves by the excuse that there is nothing illegal about it.

Perhaps the worst feature of the traffic in degrees is the fact that its victims are almost exclusively the poor.

The wealthy, who can afford to take genuine degrees, know enough of the universities of this country to recognise a bogus name when they see it. But it is those to whom a degree is an honour beyond their reach, those who are impressed when they see it and least able to tell if it be genuine, who fall victims to it.

Fortunately, a Bill is at last to be introduced into the House of Lords on behalf of the Association of Scientific Workers that will put the merchants in fake degrees behind prison bars.

If and when this Bill goes through it will be a penal offence for any body to style itself a university or to issue degrees unless it requires a two years' course of regular tuition of its students or can show a royal charter or some other accepted form of recognition.

But till that Act is law I can only tell my friend that she must remember that there is nothing so utterly worthless as the bare letters denoting a degree.

Those who generally possess a learned degree, contrary to the belief prevalent abroad, do not usually put any letters at all after their names.

So the very appearance of letters except in official correspondence of a scholastic nature is often a ground for suspicion, especially when they are set out without the name of a real university behind them.

On a school prospectus the name of a university should always be sought. Anywhere else letters should be received very warily.

And if, in ordinary conversation, someone tells my friend uninvited that he is a B.A. or a LL.B., she will have good reason to look carefully to her pockets.

A presentation of degrees of the London University at the Albert Hall. The writer tells you how to distinguish between those who worked for their degrees and those who merely paid for bogus ones

She's Gotta Motto

HAVE you heard the latest Crossword motto? Simple, straightforward, terse; yet its efficacy has already been proved—for it has helped its inventor to win £800 in our Crossword Competition No. 194.

"I think I shall win if I keep on; other people win, so why shouldn't I" That is what Mrs. E. E. Pinkney, of Scagglethorpe, Malton, Yorks, told herself when she first became fascinated by our amusing crossword contest.

And, sure enough, eventually she found herself in the position of being the only competitor to submit an all-correct attempt, and so became entitled to £300 and a pension of 30s. a week for life, or a lump sum of £800.

Life has not provided the easiest path for this pleasant, grey-haired woman; since her husband died two years ago she has lived very simply in her little cottage, but now "this money will make things much easier for me," she says.

With the £800 she has selected she intends, as she puts it, to "provide a roof of her own."

We offer Mrs Pinkney our heartiest congratulations, and hope she will enjoy many happy years under that "roof of her own."

So, once again, has that spirit of "stickability" brought home success to a JOHN BULL reader. "I think I shall win," said Mrs. Pinkney—and so can *you*.

Turn to page 36 and prove it!

Homely Wisdom by Canon F. J. Campbell, D.D.

A QUIET HEART

WHEN Mark Twain wrote "I have known many sorrows, most of which never happened," he whimsically described the experience of many more lives than his own; for it is true of most of us that we spend more unhappy hours in dreading trouble that never comes than we do in bearing what does come.

Yet life did not let Mark off easily. He was a man of very affectionate nature, and he sustained blow after blow in the sufferings of death of those he loved best in the world. He also knew what it was to be betrayed by those he trusted and to be maligned and hated by some to whom he had done nothing but good.

In addition to this, he had the usual ups and downs of a man upon whom fortune smiles at one time and crushes at another.

Few of us are entirely immune from a similar acquaintance with the darker as well as the lighter side of life, and the present is one of the hardest periods that young and old in this country have ever had to face. But is it true, as a JOHN BULL reader writes to me, that this world was made for sorrow and not for joy?

He tells me that looking back on his past he feels that more of it has been spent in shadow than in sunshine, and that, so far as he has been able to observe, his neighbours have shared his sombre lot.

Reminding me of a bathing tragedy on the Sussex coast a few months ago, wherein a famous father saw his beautiful daughter drowned almost before his eyes, he asks "Can life ever again be anything but sad to that splendid man; is it likely that any earthly gain can compensate him for that one terrible loss?"

Probably none of us would say that such a shocking event could fail to set a deep mark upon any man of fine feelings; the worthier he is, the less would he ever want to forget it or to cease to mourn the deeply loved being thus cruelly torn away from him.

But it does not follow that the rest of life must therefore be unrelievedly sad for this bereaved father and for all similarly afflicted. It is not the great sorrows of life that produce the most real and permanent unhappiness, but the minor, everyday worries and cares and fears.

In a very big trouble there is usually some core of sweet memory that brings comfort with it but there is no comfort in a mind driven distracted with a multitude of petty griefs and warring passions.

There is one golden rule to be instantly obeyed when life goes wrong, whatever the cause of the pain. It is this: Possess your soul in inward calm in order that you may see clearly what to do and how to do it in the emergency upon you.

Do you think this impossible? You are wrong. It is not only possible, but imperative if you are to do your best in a crisis or bring order into your affairs when they are thrown into confusion.

In an hour of overwhelming disaster or seemingly hopeless ruin and misery the very first thing you ought to do is to get command of yourself. Get away somewhere by yourself if necessary, and shut the world out, in order to accomplish this.

For when you come back to your burden you will not come alone; you will bring God with you. "And when He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

You will have the consciousness of renewed reserves of moral strength and of possessing the peace that passeth understanding. And where that is, a ray of heaven's glory has broken through the darkness of our night.

The New Tale of LEICESTER

the most prosperous in the Empire

"The city of exhilarated humanity." Cheerful people with money to spend—a Leicester shopping crowd

STAND for less than a minute to survey Leicester's ever-moving crowds, and you brand yourself as a stranger at once, and the nearest policeman will bear down on you with a half-amused frown.

Waiting people are hardly ever seen in this city of a quarter of a million souls that is the most prosperous in the Empire, having been described by a League of Nations report as sharing with Lille the distinction of being the most prosperous city in the world.

"Do you play chess?" the policeman will ask you, if you stand still in Leicester. And, whether you do or don't, he will tell you that it's your turn to move—an old joke of the local Force, of course, yet one that never sounds stale because there is never any need to try it on the same person twice.

And so Leicester keeps on moving and at such a speed that it always appears to be on its way home from work.

There is a reason for Leicester's rush and bustle, explaining why American visitors always say that it doesn't resemble an English city at all, but looks to them like a miniature version of New York way back in the good old prosperous days.

It is the reason why you will so often meet night-shift workers in its streets in the early hours of the morning, see the serried lights of a factory that is working the whole clock round despite the Great Depression, and hear the pulse of distant machinery.

Leicester's prosperity, her restless hurry, is the effect of it, not the cause.

"Happy City"

The spring in the step of the majority of her workmen is the sprightliness you will find in any man who can say: "Forty years old and never known a day out of a job, thank God."

The lofty independence of factory girls dressed like duchesses is the air of any woman who can say that she earns good money and is "not beholden to anybody."

The alacrity of her errand-boys, even in the face of strange new street machines that tempt them to linger, is what you would expect of a boy who knows his "guv'nor" started life himself as an errand-boy, and realises that if Leicester can't give him the chance of going as far himself, no other city in the wide world can.

Outward and visible signs—like the cake and fruit-salad teas that find their way on to every café table each day, the entire absence of "Relief Tickets Taken" signs in her prosperous-looking shops, and the fact that even that most expensive of all popular sports, boxing, attracts bigger audiences of working men and women in Leicester than in any other British city, London included.

Yet it is to causes that we must look if we are to teach the depressed cities the lesson of Leicester's success. And what are they?

"Enterprise," says her Lord Mayor, Alderman Hawkes. "The ability to readapt herself almost daily to the changing needs of the times."

"Guts," says Councillor Gillot, a leading local accountant, who promoted the great local pageant of last year. "Not only the intuition of knowing that a new industry will soon be wanted, but the courage to fire in and establish it before other cities wake up to the fact."

Just enterprise

"Going one better than our motto of 'Always the Same,'" says the head of her Development Department. "Instead of being content with our two original industries, coal and granite, as so many bigger cities are with their one, we have built the number up to seventy-nine, and not a year passes without more being established."

"Courage," said a leading manufacturer. "Our boldness in weeding out fading industries without squealing, and founding new ones without fear as to what the result will be."

All four come to the same thing—in fact, there is hardly a person of responsibility in the whole city whose opinion is not the same. And perhaps the best way of summing it up is the word of the Lord Mayor, "Enterprise."

Ask the first man you meet in most towns what the state of local industry is like, and he'll tell you "It is awful bad," or something like that. Ask the first man in Leicester, and he'll reply quite naturally: "Which industry?"

Just imagine it: Leicester is the biggest hosiery centre in the world, the biggest boot and shoe manufacturing city in the world, the largest shoe machinery centre in Great Britain, with the biggest factory of its kind in the world, the biggest producer of elastic in this country, the largest cigar centre outside London, and it controls two thousand multiple shops throughout the country, most of the goods for which it makes itself.

Yes, the Leicester man will say: "Which industry? Which one do you mean?"

Maybe you mean a new one, started last year, which he's heard nothing about as yet!

Leicester is just like that—always starting into something new. There are people who will tell you that a neighbouring city lives on the industries Leicester discards when she finds new ones, which is both unkind and not strictly true.

Yet if she had been too disheartened when the cab invented by James Hansom, one of her citizens, went out of favour, she might never have survived to make Underground rolling stock for weary Londoners, establishing the modern cheap excursion system as part of her transport progress.

To go to another extreme, as Leicester always does, if she had not foreseen that women were going to wear more and more elastic and fewer and fewer buttons, she might have been pleading for State assistance for her button factories today, instead of leading the world with her elastic web.

If she had not rallied herself during what is known throughout the boot industry as "the American invasion" of 1890, she would never have lifted so much business out of the hands of the Americans and other English shoe towns.

The whole hog

She saw the Americans were winning here because their shoes were then better, cheaper and of better style, due to improved factory methods.

So she sent the pick of her young men over the ocean to learn what they could.

One of the ideas they brought back was the single-story factory with the tooth-comb roof that you will now see all over Britain, better from the point of view of economical planning than any other can possibly be.

And so she founded her supremacy in yet another industry, and when Leicester founds an industry she is soon making all the machinery for it and, if possible, all the commodities likely to be used in it.

That is why those who quibble that Northampton makes more footwear than Leicester can now learn not only that they are wrong, but that Northampton, like Bristol, Norwich and other shoe centres, go to Leicester for their plant.

They are talking in Lancashire of stealing some of the hosiery industry from Leicester, converting some of its empty cotton-mills. Well, Leicester knows something about Lancashire's plight, and is quite sympathetic.

She will sell Lancashire Leicester-made hosiery machines and send her good wishes with them. Hosiery manufacturers who can change from blouses to jumpers almost in a week, and who, having finished the manufacture of bathing costumes early in the Spring, can start again suddenly when the summer weather goes on a few weeks longer than usual, just as they are in the middle of their winter programme, are in a position to welcome rivals.

It would be wearying to tabulate

-and

'Leicester and proud of it—a whi girl worker in one of the shoe fa the most prosperous city

# of Two Cities

MIDDLESBROUGH

the most depressed in the Empire

Men and machines both "not working"—an i ..
Middlesbrough blast furnace

why

white-smocked
noe factories of
s city

Leicester's industries, even those of recent growth. Sufficient to say that if there's anything new, Leicester is in it. If we are ever able to fly to the moon, this go-ahead Midlands city will try to get all the business resulting.

Already she can claim to make more money out of films than Elstree—without ever taking as much as a single yard of "talkie."

Not even an American tariff could keep her lenses out of Hollywood, where 85 per cent. of the American pictures are still taken through Leicester lenses. They were once regarded as the speciality of Germany, but Leicester even sends them there.

Then Leicester is the third biggest maker of talking apparatus. She is one of the biggest producers of celluloid in the world. She makes theatre and kinema seats in hundreds of thousands, and prints the lurid bills you see outside.

She makes the models used to portray earthquakes and air fights and the like in the films made by many British companies. And she even sends squads of workmen round the country decorating new super-kinemas.

It would be far easier to say what Leicester doesn't do. One might mention, in that connection, that she hasn't yet discovered how to knit a man's suit.

But for years she has been trying. And she will succeed.

Leicester keeps ten moves ahead. That is why she is the most prosperous city in the world. Her mere 6½ per cent. of wholly unemployed is much smaller than it appears when one remembers how seasonal are some of her trades.

Actually there are thousands more employed in her factories than there were before the war.

That is why there is rush and bustle and exhilarated humanity in her streets to-day.

A TOWN stricken with palsy—that is Middlesbrough, a beautiful town gone shabby, like the ermine of a woman who has known happier days.

A town in which men stand and stand, waiting for heaven knows what.

They congregate in scores by every main crossing, in hundreds where the traffic control lights mark the more important parts of the town, in thousands altogether. You see them when the public-houses are open and when they are closed, when the Middlesbrough football team is losing at home for want of support and encouragement, and when it is losing away. Always in the same places, and always waiting.

They have no money to do anything except stand, for even football demands the full gate money from the unemployed man. A hundred per cent. or nothing, whether you be a millionaire or out-of-work, however much the club might wish it to be otherwise, is what the turnstile must ask.

Yes, they stand like the giant retorts and blast furnaces they used to serve. Idle. Hopeless. Devoid of warmth.

Waiting . . .

Pitiful the number of mere lads among the waiting, too old at seventeen for jobs as errand boys, even if there were enough such jobs to go round, and too young to have known the joy of holding a real job, tasting real independence, in those days when the furnaces licked the heavens with red tongues.

But no women. Even among those who move in the streets there seems an extraordinary dearth of women. Few jobs for them in Middlesbrough except in the shops. Yet even that doesn't explain whether and how they hide themselves away.

Idle furnaces and idle men. That is Middlesbrough. The one rusting in the silent industrial districts and the other waiting at the civic centre, like people who have made appointments and misunderstood the arrangements. Unemployment tethers to the ground 43 per cent. of the insurable population of this Ironopolis.

What a sight as you approach it! One is told that of its ninety-seven blast furnaces only fifteen are working. From the railway carriage window it looks as if there are twenty-five furnaces, and none working.

There are retorts with grass growing on them, furnaces with weeds growing in them. Men's jobs going to rust. There are acres and acres of railway trucks that have rotted away, snapped their own axles, and dropped dead over their own wheels. Men's livings, again.

A one-job town!

There are vast plants as high as church towers and as long as Paddington station covered in tar. That means hope to Middlesbrough. It means that directors have not entirely abandoned hope of working them again. The tar will act as a preservative. Where there's tar there's hope.

But will they ever work again? "Lots won't," they tell you at the Town Hall. "Half won't," they say at the biggest trade union office. "The majority won't," says a leading employer. Draw your own conclusions.

And why? Middlesbrough was asking why three years ago, when it was alarmed at having 5,000 men unemployed. It is asking why now that the number has reached 28,000, nearly six times as many, with more blast furnace men idle than working. It keeps on asking why, although it knows the answer.

"Because we have put all our faith in pig iron and it has let us down," say the waiting men.

"Because there is a tendency for such heavy industries to move south," they will tell you at the Town Hall.

"Because there is nothing else we can turn to," they will tell you in Middlesbrough in chorus.

And, of course, you must listen to Middlesbrough's point. Now that transport charges are having a bigger effect on the prices of goods, heavy industries tend to move down to such places as Leicester and Luton. And world economy means fewer new boats and bridges, viaducts and rails—less steel and iron. Tees-side discovered the new Bessemer basic steel, and Northamptonshire has collared the work of making it.

"We have been fools," says Middlesbrough. "We did the donkey work of the country, blasting out the iron, blistering our skins smelting it, breaking our backs loading it. And all the time we were letting other countries, and other parts of England, do the really paying jobs that grew out of it."

And so it seems. From the day old John Vaughan discovered ironstone in the near-by Eston Hills, Middlesbrough has had little thought for anything else.

She lived to give "bottom cargoes" to the ships that called at her docks, cargoes of pig iron that she might have done something with herself.

She sent to Poland for workmen to blast out more pig iron and load more pig iron. You will find their descendants to-day among her unemployed.

When she wanted new plants made out of her own raw materials, she sent to South Wales for the workmen. You will find them in Middlesbrough still. She sent to Ireland—and you will hear the Irish accent everywhere in her streets to-day.

She didn't even wait for orders. She made it whether it was wanted or not, "merchanting" it—they actually use the word—to the rest of the world as a grocer will merchant candles.

Before the war you would find scores and scores of acres of foreshore packed with pig iron—and not only packed, but stacked up to a great height. Every pound of it was pawned—pawned until the price was right to sell it in world markets.

No matter whether it was a good or bad way of doing business, it was Middlesbrough's way in more prosperous days. It shows how much Middlesbrough pinned her faith on this one fickle industry.

Empty docks

In those days the docks were busy with boats of many flags seeking "bottom cargoes." The P. and O. never passed her by.

On a recent day there was not a single boat in the docks. During a whole recent week only two called. That's what comes of being too devoted to one industry.

Well, things are going to be different. Mr. Charles Mitchell, chairman of Messrs. Dorman, Long, the Middlesbrough firm that built Sydney Bridge, is one of the many farsighted people who, not content with mere pig iron, are helping to bring the higher processes to Middlesbrough.

But Middlesbrough must go even beyond that. She must look out for new industries, if only as standbys.

She has the leaders. She has the brains. She has the men.

And now she has the lesson of Leicester. Above all, let her profit by that.

What do you know about your boy?

This boy's Mother knows that success now and in later life depends on a properly nourished constitution.

Appetising and delicious, Quaker Oats, because it is milled from the world's finest oats, provides lasting energy and builds up stamina.

Everyone—adults and children—need body-building nourishment in this delightful form.

Housewives know—there's nothing so good, so cheap—nothing so cheap, so good as Quaker Oats.

A quick no-trouble breakfast, too—*Quick* Quaker is ready in 4 minutes.

Quick Quaker

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker*

MADE IN CANADA

Quaker Oats Ltd., London.

'John Bull' Readers' Stories

19

The Man who Vanished

I AM a Man who Vanished—one of the many hundreds of men who suddenly and inexplicably leave their homes and their friends, and perhaps without a trace vanish into the unknown.

Does that sound trite? If my pen had but the power to express my true emotions as I feel them, these words would blaze like letters of fire, would sear into your brain like vitriolic acid . . .

For of all the tortures possible to man to inflict upon himself, I have surely condemned myself to the most fiendish.

"Why did I do it?" you may ask, or "Why do I not return?" Ah, if only I could! But one cannot retrieve the past.

I set my story down as a warning. For one cannot read into the future, and the vista of freedom that enchants one is in reality merely a mirage. One finds in escape not a merciful release, but a desert wherein one suffers under the hot sun of remorse.

Eight years since I broke my chains. I would now that I could reassume them! But I took the step with my eyes open, and after much thought. So the blame is mine alone and entirely.

I expected to find happiness in this freedom. I was wrong. Man is made for captivity.

I was tired of the monotonous routine of office and home, office and home. I read in books of how men found adventure in distant lands, how they *realised* my day-dreams.

AND, like a fool, I believed it all. Drunk with the wanderlust, I little realised how soon it would be sated.

I laid my plans carefully. My disappearance was to be utter, complete. Week by week, I economised on tobacco, smoking only in the presence of others, and this in order not to arouse their suspicion. If ever I had doubts or forebodings, they were suppressed. I was mad, mad

And within a year I had saved fifty pounds. This was enough! The time for departure had come, the time, not only for my disappearance, but also for my *death*

I gave my wife the usual perfunctory kiss of good-bye that morning as I left for the station

I caught my usual train to town. I exchanged the usual commonplaces with a neighbour on the platform, but this time I was careful not to get into the same carriage. And, at the junction, instead of going right through, I changed. Arriving at another station,

"When darkness fell, I strolled down to the river and left my garments in a pile by the water"

I paid excess fare and walked out—into the world

At a ready-made clothing store I spent fifteen pounds of my fifty on a new outfit of clothes—even down to new sock suspenders and shoes. Before leaving the premises I changed. Buried alive, my body went away with my old clothes—wrapped up in a parcel.

I spent the greater part of that day wandering about here and there, I remember. Then, when darkness fell, I strolled down to the river and left my garments in a little pile by the water.

It was like dying and being reborn—this casting-off of one's body.

Sooner or later, the insurance authorities would presume my death and my wife would have the insurance money—enough to keep her in comfort.

The old life was dead—long live the new! I boarded another train that night to—never mind where.

Eight years ago!

I was clean-shaven then, and a little corpulent. To-day I am bearded and thin. Looking back at that man of the past, it seems impossible that he and I are one and the same. Even my former name seems unfamiliar in my present ears. At first I had trouble with my signature. But now I have built up a little business and can sign my cheque-book without hesitation.

And yet—I know that I can never be entirely rid of my former self. We haunt each other—like ghosts.

Those first few weeks of my vanishing were happy. I was free—and I do know that I found it good. Not to have regular meals, not to see those well-known but hated faces, not even to see a newspaper in my own language.

But, soon, I began to doubt.

What was the first step towards my

(Continued on page 24.)

The Human Machine

Like What You Like

LOTS of people live dead lives. That may sound dreadfully Irish, but it's true. Their bodies are alive, but their minds are dead—or, at any rate, dormant. They have no ideas of their own, no aspirations of their own, no wills of their own.

They like what they are told to like, do what they are told to do, sneer at what other people tell them to dislike, and generally behave like mental infants.

If you told them they were snobs they'd be indignant; but that's just what they are. They worship the twin gods of "good form" and "good taste" without knowing the first thing about either.

To like what you like and to dislike what you dislike and to do it heartily and honestly is the only way to keep yourself really and vigorously alive. Other people's opinions are useful, and so are other people; but let them guide you. Don't let them lead you blindfold.

The value in a guide does not lie in "good form" or "good taste"; it lies in superior knowledge. A guide should be chosen because he is an expert, not because he is a mental fashion-plate.

Even then, a guide can only guide. You still have to walk on your own feet. You still have to do a good deal of hard work.

The best way to live is to use your own mind instead of always leaning on other folks. "To know what you prefer," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "instead of humbly saying 'Amen' to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive."

In other words, a man's a man when he knows his own mind, and, having made it up, has the pluck to stick to his guns.

YOU BUY THE BEST FOOD YOU CAN— WHY NOT *best quality, tested* MEDICINES?

IN BOOTS LABORATORIES AT NOTTINGHAM

—Analyst testing to make sure Boots Malt Foods will build up children's muscles all the winter

NEWS OF THE WEEK

LARGEST STEEL-AND-GLASS LABORATORIES IN EUROPE

GREAT BRITISH TRIUMPH

"This building is a prophecy," says *The Architect and Building News.* Situated at Beeston, three miles from the centre of Nottingham, this enormous, new, steel-and-glass "castle of science" giving one a peep into the future . . .

It shows us, living now in 1932, *what most English buildings will look like probably 50 years from now.*

SPECIALLY INTERESTING TO WOMEN

Why have Boots The Chemists, taken the trouble to build the most up-to-date, steel-and-glass laboratories in Europe — *giving England the lead in pure drugs and medicines over all her foreign competitors?*

Quite simply, BECAUSE IT PAYS! It pays Boots to build the most up-to-date laboratories ever built — because safer, *tested* medicines are just what people want. Today people everywhere, women in particular, are more educated in health matters than the generation of 20, even 10, years ago. Today people are more and more convinced of the dangers of untested medicines — *particularly where children are concerned!*

HOW TO SAVE SHILLINGS FOR LUXURIES

One big point about Boots up-to-date laboratories, and enormous production, is that they do lower cost. *And lower cost means lower prices.* So the medicines and prescriptions you need cost shillings less at Boots. Go to Boots for *tested*, safer medicines — AND SPEND THE SHILLINGS YOU SAVE ON LUXURIES YOU OTHERWISE COULD NOT AFFORD.

DID YOU KNOW THIS?

1 THE whole of Wembley Stadium — the largest in the British Isles — could be dropped into the new Boots pure-drug laboratories at Nottingham, and *still leave room for 200 tennis courts.*

(*Explanation: Boots medicines are tested, safer. Enormous laboratories are needed for this.*)

2 AN aeroplane flying straight, 2,000 feet up, from the Isle of Wight to Aberdeen, could be seen from a Boots shop all the way.

(*Explanation: There are already over 950 Boots shops all over the country, and a new one opening almost every week.*)

YOUR NEAREST BOOTS SHOP

supplies medicines tested with utmost care by analysts at Nottingham

YOU DON'T BUY STALE FOOD ... WHY RISK GETTING STALE MEDICINES?

NO NEED TO—Boots protect you against this. Your nearest Boots shop draws fresh supplies straight from Boots own laboratories at Nottingham.

EXTRACT OF MALT WITH COD LIVER OIL AND CHEMICAL FOOD

(This combination is an excellent tonic containing Iron Phosphates)

1-lb. jar 1/-; 2-lb. jar 1/10

ENORMOUS DEMAND LOWERS COST

SO BOOTS PRICES ARE LOWER

The Boots Chemists

DISPENSING CHEMISTS

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham.

IF your dog is well-conditioned, cold weather cannot harm him, for he will be protected by a winter coat so dense that wind and water cannot reach his skin.

Dogs who suffer from winter chills, or are listless and off their food at this time of year, are suffering from a sluggish liver, due to lack of exercise. They are burdened with a bloodstream full of impurities; their coats have become thin and under-nourished.

They need Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which purify the blood, keep the liver active and tone up the whole system. For forty-one years Bob Martin's Condition Powders have been giving dogs winter fitness in the most severe climates.

To-day provide your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which cure and prevent all blood ailments, such as *listlessness, continual scratching, dull coat, poor appetite, sulky temper, eczema and swellings between the toes.* In less than 10 days' time his coat will gleam with healthy "bloom" which is the surest proof of rich, pure blood.

Your nearest dog biscuit shop, chemist and big store sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders and 1/- boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport, Eng.

That is why
BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS
KEEP dogs fit!

BEWARE THE DANGER MONTHS FOR CHILDREN

Roboleine
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

SHOULD BE GIVEN TO ALL GROWING CHILDREN.

It is the most valuable body building and nerve restoring food known to medical science. It contains all the essential vitamins deficient in ordinary diet, and makes weakly children strong and healthy. Roboleine consists of Bone Marrow, Cream of Malt, Yolk of Egg and neutralised Lemon Juice, and has been recommended by doctors for over 25 years.

IN JARS, 2/9 & 6/9

12-DOSE SAMPLE.
ROBOLEINE, Hanworth Laboratories, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9
Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. for posting and packing. (Use block letters.)
Name.....
Address.....
J.B. 24.....

(continued from page 22)

"THE MAN WHO VANISHED"

disillusionment? How can I tell? Perhaps it was that night when, drunk with Rhine wine and dancing in the red light of the Wild West bar in the Haus Vaterland, I realised with an odd sense of shock the *strangeness* of the touch of my partner's hand on my arm.

Perhaps it was that day when, eager to know how events were faring in England, I purchased a paper—only to find the items splashed across the front page so small and remote in my eyes as to be unworthy of notice.

Or perhaps it was that morning when I started from a dream world with the name of my wife on my lips and stretched out an arm to touch—just the blank wall.

I missed things—more than I had anticipated. Always the little things—the pleasures of companionship, the ability to share.

What use to dance with a partner whose footsteps were strange? What use to drink tea amid flowers and fountains in a Dresden park when one could not comment on the scene, pass the joy on? It soon became dreadful to wake in the mornings and never to find a pillow beside mine, let alone her head.

Step by step the disillusionment deepened. Glamorous scenes become commonplace when one can never pass comment on them to another. And friends are not so easily found once one has sundered all family and home ties.

I was not slow in discovering this. Within six months I knew my disappearance had been rash. I had cut every bond, thinking that I hated everything connected with my former self, whereas all that I really needed was a change, a holiday, a loosening of knots.

THE sweetness of a holiday lies in its sharpness, its brevity. A holiday long drawn out loses savour, even though work is done. I realise this now. But herein lies my mistake—I did not realise it then.

"Regrets will pass!" I told myself. "One becomes adapted!" And so two years, three years slid by. I did not become accustomed. The loneliness persisted and adventure and change were but poor compensations.

I remember an evening in the Pacific when the sun was setting in a glory of flame and another Englishman and I leaned over the rail of the little tramp steamer puffing at our pipes. We had been pearl-hunting and now the expedition was nearly over. To-morrow would see us in port. And the face of my companion was radiant in the glow of his pipe and the glow of the sun.

To-morrow, he said, he would see his wife. There was a flowered cottage, and in that cottage recently a new life had been born. To-morrow he would see *his son*, and then after the babe had been put to bed his wife and he would call on friends.

His words stabbed at my heart.

To-morrow for me would mean a dreary search for an equally dreary hotel, and an equally dreary walk round the city—all so very much the same when you have travelled a little.

While at home, for all I knew, there might be a son awaiting me. There may be now, for all I know.

And if my heart was heavy then, it is to-day a hundred times more so. I am as miserable and as friendless as ever.

It would perhaps seem a simple matter to return. I cannot do so. I have condemned myself to an existence of despair.

There are so many ways out, but there are also so many barriers across the roads.

My wife may have married again—and how much deeper would be the tragedy if I attempted to repair mine! How do I know but that if I return prison may result through that fraud on the insurance company?

A thousand possibilities flash through my mind.

It may be that at the time of my vanishing money was found to be missing from the office. I should at once be marked down as the guilty man. Men have been jailed as a result of lesser coincidences—for they do happen.

MY wife may have taught my son, if son I have, to loathe and detest me. It seems impossible, for she was goodness incarnate, but only too well I know that I have sinned enough to change her.

And so I remain—an exile in a foreign land. I yearn for old scenes, for old faces. I see now that the old routine-filled days were the best. As another Spring comes round and another Summer and I picture the changing year in England, I would give anything for one moment of the familiar.

But I dare not return.

For with my longing there has grown up a form of cowardice. I dare not even set foot in England for fear of recognition. If my old self lives once more my wife may suffer, the son I have may suffer, I may suffer.

This possibility is becoming with me an obsession, preying on my mind. Changed though I am, I dare not walk through the most frequented streets of this town for fear lest someone should wait until I have passed them and then touch my shoulder and say, "Why, surely——!"

Every sharp knock on the door sends me into a tremble lest I am discovered. I have grown into a habit of watching faces with fearful suspicion.

And yet how joyfully I would welcome recognition. If only I could be sure that my wife needs me as I need her. I would suffer gladly any consequent penalties.

For I am getting old, and as the years increase the shadow on my soul will increase also. There is a fear in my heart lest I be overburdened.

Perhaps my wife may read this. May she recognise my story and may she somehow find me, and may she forgive. . . .

For one does not find new friends, and without friends there is no happiness in this freedom.

We Want YOUR Story

EVERYONE has a tale to tell, as this series of readers' real life stories proves. Have you sent in your contribution? If not, do so without delay, for we are prepared to publish any authentic narrative dealing with unusual experiences at home or abroad. MSS. intended for this feature should not exceed 2,000 words in length, and should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable. £10 10s. will be paid for those published.

NEXT WEEK: *"Alone on the Ocean Bed"—a reader's story of his biggest thrill as a diver.*

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

The Blind Woman's Plea

FROM the lips of Jessie's blind granny, led in by a friend, we heard a most pitiful story. She had not come on her own behalf, she explained, because she receives the blind pension of 10s. a week, and a son gives her help. She came to plead for her daughter, who is seriously ill in hospital. Jessie's father was also in hospital.

Jessie

Jessie's mother, who is twenty-two, has worked most of her life in a cracker factory. A fortnight after she married, her husband lost his job, and has earned only a few shillings a week going out with a barrow, whilst Jessie's mother made 22s. to 25s. a week.

A short time back she slipped and hurt her back. But she clung to her job up to a week before Christmas, when she had to be taken to hospital.

Jessie's poor mother was pregnant, and the shock of the operation brought about the premature birth of her second baby, who lived only half an hour.

Jessie is quite happy being looked after by her blind granny, whose deft fingers are quite capable of bathing, dressing and undressing the two-year-old child.

What caused granny's blindness? She thinks it is partly due to having been struck a brutal blow on the head by her husband, and partly the shock of losing a sixteen-year-old daughter.

In any case, eleven years ago suddenly everything went dark. She underwent fourteen operations, but there was no hope of regaining her sight.

We were going to plead to our readers to help us to pay the rent to keep Jessie's mother's home, but we have just had another visit from granny to say that her daughter has passed away. So now we ask for help for granny, who will have sole charge of Jessie.

Subscriptions earmarked "Jessie" will be devoted to her, and all donations should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments will be sent where names and addresses are given.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

THE CROOKS' K.C. (Novel):—"He drew himself up to his full WEIGHT of five feet three inches."

CARMARTHEN JOURNAL:—"—— was summoned for driving a cart WITH light."

WILD WEST WEEKLY:—"His alert EYES caught the SOUND of pounding hoofs."

NORTH-WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—"British car breaks three records. 'Baby' averages 70 miles A DAY."

ROTHERHAM REMINDER:—"The average adult head has a DIAMETER of fully 22 inches."

GAINSBOROUGH DISPATCH:—"A REVOLUTION of protest against the circular was carried."

CORNISHMAN:—"The —— troop of Boy Scouts held a jumble sale in aid of the DAMPING fund."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"—— was sentenced to 20 months' hard labour and 12 MONTHS with the cat."

EVENING WORLD:—"Will the little girl who shoots so cleverly in your show object to shooting a friendly match with the Grand Duck Michael of Russia?"

YORKS EVENING POST:—"The brothers were fined 5s. on each of the two charges and were ordered to pay 4s. 6d. DAMAGE TO THE TREE."

PALMOLIVE PRICE REDUCTION

The tremendous demand for Palmolive

—the world's largest selling toilet soap, has made possible this great price reduction

Greater sales mean lower manufacturing costs. We are therefore passing on the saving effected to the many millions of people who regularly use Palmolive — the world's finest beauty soap.

The supreme quality of Palmolive remains unchanged. The same high grade Palm and Olive Oils — the same perfect blend — the same full-size tablet — the same soap as recommended by over 20,000 beauty specialists.

Palmolive is made only from vegetable oils. It contains no artificial colouring matter. Palm and Olive Oils — nothing else — give Nature's green colour to Palmolive soap.

Use Palmolive for the complexion . . . use it in your bath . . . it lathers abundantly in the hardest water and it is exceptionally economical in use.

Remember — you cannot buy a finer toilet soap than Palmolive — no matter what price you pay. Obtainable wherever toilet soap is sold.

This price applies only to Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

SURPRISING RESULTS *of* RECENT FOOD DISCOVERY

London Woman's Experience

Women with a family to cater for — they're the ones who have shown wholehearted enthusiasm for the recent food discovery.

You've read about it?

After a long series of exact tests by scientists in a famous London hospital, Rowntree's Cocoa was discovered to be so digestible that it actually helps you to digest better the food you eat with it!

Here's an opportunity of gaining better health simply through *better digestion*. Start the whole family — yourself too — on Rowntree's Cocoa today. You'll love the delicious flavour of Rowntree's. 30 cupfuls from every ¼-lb. tin, price 6d.; ½-lb. tin, 11d.

"As fit as a fiddle all winter," **says Mrs. HARVEY, 56 The Chase, Clapham, S.W.4**

"That's Lois! She's an only child, so we try not to spoil her, but I do watch her health carefully and pay particular attention to her digestion. That's why I was so interested in the new discovery about Rowntree's Cocoa — that it's so digestible it actually helps you to digest the food you eat with it. Lois adores Rowntree's Cocoa. I've started giving it to her for breakfast every morning as well as for supper, and I notice now she's not nearly so 'done' when she comes in for dinner in the middle of the day. She seems to be better altogether."

This Clapham mother, Mrs. HARVEY, says: "My daughter Lois adores Rowntree's Cocoa. She has it for breakfast every morning as well as for supper."

ROWNTREE'S

the COCOA that actually *helps* your digestion

3 FREE GIFT COUPONS IN EVERY ¼-LB. TIN

Send for illustrated booklet showing over 100 free gifts, to Dept. J.B.1, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., York.

CO 2-87

"After 3 DOSES my COUGH completely DISAPPEARED"

writes E.C. (Kent)

Famel Syrup goes straight to the root of coughs, colds catarrh and chronic bronchitis. It is instantly effective in case after case of the stubbornest kind. The marvel of Famel Brand Syrup is that it allows Nature's greatest remedy—which formerly could only be inhaled—to act directly through the bloodstream, driving out your complaint from within. Its effect—even after the first dose—is almost miraculous. Millions have benefited by Famel Syrup. It is used by Doctors and Nurses all over the world. Buy a bottle (3/-) to-day or send for generous Trial Bottle. Always keep a bottle by you for instant relief of coughs, colds and other chest complaints.

It is simply marvellous for checking 'flu in its early stages, and is a sure preventive of all dangerous bronchial and pneumonic complications.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS
—typical of Thousands

"I had a terrible cough which nearly tore me to pieces. I used to cough for about five hours at a time, but after taking one dose I got relieved by magic, and after three doses my cough had *completely disappeared* and once again I am feeling quite well. I have recommended it to all my friends." E. C. (Kent).

"I am pleased to say Famel Syrup has already relieved my husband's cough, and he has taken *only three doses* up to the present. It is the only mixture that has done him good."
F. H. (Norfolk).

For after effects of 'flu.

"I may say I always use it myself, as it heals a sore throat almost by one dose and is a *certain cure* for most kinds of coughs. It really is a great comfort, and I make my Nurses buy it in all cases of the after effects of a 'flu cough."
I. C. (Matron) (London).

Nurse's faith in Famel.

"The reason for our unbounded faith in Famel Syrup is the results obtained by it. In our opinion it is worthy of the highest testimonial that is possible. We would be only too pleased to tell anyone of the wonderful success of Famel, as it is *one of the most genuine things ever advertised* and is everything claimed for it."
Nurse (Shilton).

Soothes cough at once.

"I have found great relief from Famel Syrup, especially with a bad cough. It seems to soothe it at once. My husband also found great relief in taking it, better than anything we have tried before."
C. H. (Stroud).

Eased my Cough almost at once.

"I have been troubled with a terrible cough for years, but at last I have found your Famel Syrup, which has eased my cough almost at once. You may use this letter for the benefit of other people who suffer from coughs."
J. H. (Nr. Coventry).

FAMEL
BRAND **SYRUP**

Send for Generous Trial Bottle

enclosing 6d. in stamps to cover postage and packing to: Wilcox Jozeau & Co., Ltd., Dept. E9, 15 Gt. St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2

Should they Throw Up their JOBS?

The young man in the "blind alley" job. Should he break away—or is the prospect of being one of the idle millions too grave a risk to take?

THE industrial depression is responsible for throwing millions of people out of work. But the trouble does not end there. For, like war, all the casualties are not seen upon the battlefields.

What I mean is that some of those who have kept their jobs or have been fortunate enough to find work are earning scarcely enough to keep body and soul together.

"I found a job at a pound a week plus commission," writes a correspondent. "At the end of the first week, after deducting insurance, I drew £1 3s. 3d.; at the end of the second, £1 5s. 6d. How can I possibly exist, for I am a married man with three children?"

That is one evil of the present economic blizzard.

There is another. Work is so scarce that a man is driven to take the first job that comes along, and in consequence there is many a square peg in a round hole. Result—discontent on the part of the worker; dissatisfaction on the part of the employer.

A great many of the letters that reach me deal with this side of the problem.

"I would like to become an engineer," says one young fellow. "But work in that line is slack about here, so I have to follow the same grind as my father and be a joiner."

"Music is in my blood," says another. "But, as I have a widowed mother and three younger brothers dependent upon me, all I get is the music of the mills."

* * *

And here is yet another case. After two disappointing years in Canada, the young man concerned returned to England in November, 1931. As there was no prospect of work in his native town, he became a farm worker, hiring himself out for a year. In November, 1932, instead of "signing on" for another year as his employer wished, he refused to do so, and is now unemployed. His letter goes on:

"I do not see why I should tie myself down to a job I do not like. Besides, I hate the country, and love town life. There is also this further point: I am very interested in wireless telegraphy, and I am now studying this subject in order that eventually I may set up in business for myself.

"Will you please let me know if I have chosen right between tying myself down to the anchor of general labour and planning out a new career for myself?"

My correspondent does not tell me his age. But, assuming that he is young with no family ties or responsibilities, I think he is justified in making the plunge in an attempt to carve out a future for himself.

After all, some of the most successful business magnates of to-day started in a very small and humble way, and it is far better to take up work that is congenial than remain in a job that is definitely detestable.

But let me add one word of warning. Wireless is very popular at the moment. But that very popularity carries with it a danger. So many people are seeking fortunes in this particular field that it may soon become overcrowded.

Still, the single man has the chance of gambling a little with his time and talents, whereas the married man with children has to play for safety even though it means sticking to work that is drudgery to him.

In my next case it is not drudgery that is oppressing my correspondent, but something that is infinitely worse:

"I am in great trouble. A few weeks ago, after a period of unemployment, which included a breakdown in health, I was invited to assist with a charitable institution.

"I have been greatly deceived, for the organisation is not what it is represented to be. Before entering upon my duties I made what enquiries I could, and everything seemed to be above board.

"What am I to do? I am not entitled to the 'dole' and I have no other means of support, and I have a wife and child."

This is indeed a difficult problem. Here is a man faced with the terrifying alternatives of unemployment or the risk of becoming involved in a scandal.

He tells me he has been employed by this fraudulent concern only for a few weeks. If he leaves it, therefore, he can't be any worse off than he was before he joined it. In fact, he is far better off, because presumably his health is now restored.

* * *

My advice to him is to break away from this bogus charity at once. If he does not, he may become implicated in its dishonesty.

It is bad enough to lose a job as things are to-day, but it would be infinitely worse if he lost his character as well.

And here is a third kind of problem:

The young fellow concerned is working for a firm that has made drastic economies and serious wage reductions. Recently he has had to take the place of a man many years his senior at a much lower wage. He explains:

"On entering this employment some years ago I was promised reasonable promotion. But, though I have tried to make myself proficient by taking up shorthand and other things, the advancement has not come. As a result I am losing all confidence in myself."

* * *

Now, this young man has two courses open to him. If he thinks his employer has no intention of ever keeping his word and he is not likely to secure the promotion he desires, he would be well advised to look out for another job.

On the other hand, if he has confidence in his firm, he will realise that times are difficult for everyone, employers as well as employed, and he will be prepared to wait until things take a turn for the better.

My correspondent tells me that he has tried to make himself more efficient by "taking up shorthand and other things." He is very wise.

When the good times return, success will come to those who are equipped to take advantage of the opportunities that may come their way, and those who devote their time to study with the object of improving their chances in life will not go unrewarded.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
Probed by
PHILIP INMAN,

who is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist" and always ready to help you. Write to him and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

Race with "Silver Ring"

CRACKS and CROCKS

I HAVE always considered the Lincolnshire a race for cracks and crocks. French classic winners, leniently treated, have carried off the spoils. Our classic horses when entered have just failed owing to heavy burdens.

"Cripples" have scored on several occasions.

An old-timer has asked me for the best of the crocks this year. He supported Mercutio and Cinderello in 1910 and 1911. Both suffered from dicky legs, but were patched up for the fray and won.

He went for Berrilldon in 1913 in spite of the fact that more often than not this horse broke a blood-vessel. Berrilldon finished second and was awarded the race on an objection to Cuthbert.

Soranus he passed over as the Newmarket watchers reported the colt as fat. Soranus won at 33 to 1.

He was on Tapin in spite of a reputed bad temper and boils.

The lame and infirm appear to be missing from the entry this year, but as selling platers have won four of the last ten races on the Carholme, I suggest he has a little on Eyes Front.

In his three-year-old days Eyes Front was considered to have a chance for the Derby, and he has been heavily backed for more than one important handicap.

We are promised some fine racing at Newbury, particularly at the second stage, when a number of Grand National horses, including last year's winner, Forbra, will be seen in action.

At the opening session I suggest Nestorian and King Oscar. Tolvadden and Gay Devil look "good" for the Saturday "double."

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 19, to Wednesday, January 25.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F
S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

An open letter to
BERNARD SHAW, ESQ.

AUTHOR AND PLAYWRIGHT

Sir!

We regret, that like King James I, you do not smoke. But, as millions of other people do, we have thought out a plan by which the attractions of our cigarettes may be fairly balanced by the persuasiveness of your literary genius. We commend to you, Sir, the Kensitas Greater Service Plan.

That practice, so common among manufacturers, of giving cards and inserts of little or no value in their packets of cigarettes, is, in our opinion, of no real benefit to the community—that is why Kensitas have discarded this policy, of which they too were guilty. Kensitas now offer **FIVE CERTIFICATES** in every packet of Twenty . . . certificates of genuine purchasing value . . . exchangeable, Sir, for the finest books in the English language including your own. You will find great classics . . . the finest modern fiction . . . science . . . sports . . . travel . . . religion . . . all beautifully bound. But this Kensitas Library is only one of the features of our list of hundreds of articles of beauty and utility.

Kensitas Cigarettes are made of the choicest Virginia tobaccos, treated by the Kensitas Private Process to remove certain impurities naturally present in even the finest tobaccos, and so Kensitas are mild, satisfying, and always kind to the throat.

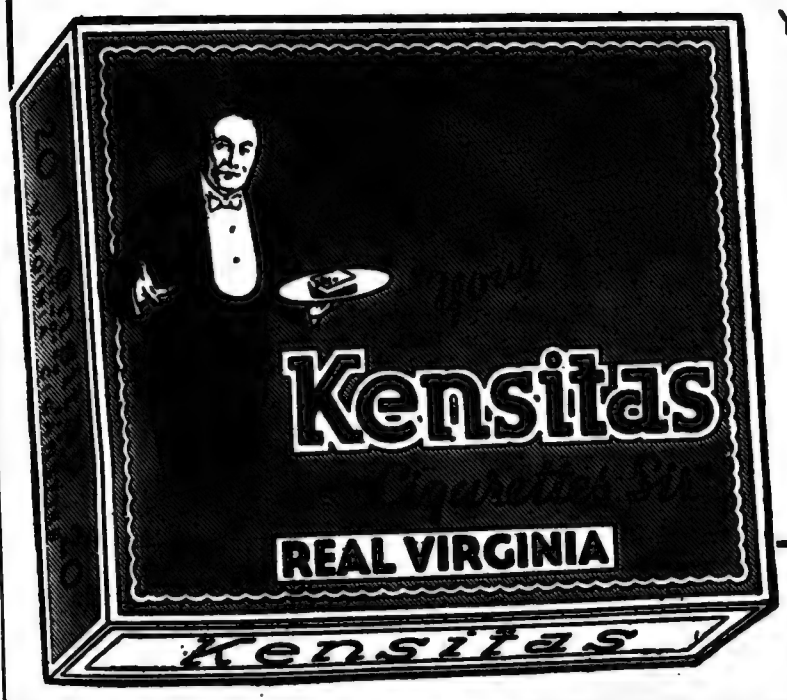
I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Jenkyn

p.p. J. Wix & Sons, Ltd.

P. S. Kensitas are mild—yet how they satisfy!



DON'T GREASE YOUR HAIR

master it!

Grease soils linen, makes hair sticky and dusty—and won't control unruly hair. That is why Anzora, the first and finest fixative, is completely free from it. Just a little Anzora is enough to keep your hair immaculate and preserve its natural gloss from morning till night.

Anzora Viola for dry scalps. Anzora Cream for greasy scalps. In 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 bottles from all chemists, hairdressers and Stores. These prices do not apply to the I.F.S.

ANZORA
CREAM & VIOLA
BOTH MASTER THE HAIR

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., N.W.6.

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'GO-suck a ZUBE'

Zubes are best for throat and chest. They give a pleasant glowing warmth as you suck them. Ideal for wet, cold and foggy days.

ZUBES

2½D. PER OUNCE Loose (Except in I.F.S.)

Or in Airtight Tins 3D. and 6D.

Reduce *YOUR* High
BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. Get it Now.

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ALE OR STOUT (State for which when ordering).

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TRIPLE-CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF
RICH MALT & HOPS ONLY
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MUMMY SAYS

if all children were as good as . . . .

'Golden Shred'

THE ORANGE JUICE MARMALADE.

the silver threads would be a long time coming . . . .

C.S.2

ANÆMIC GIRLS GET HEALTH & LOOKS

Thousands of girls who used to be thin and pale and sallow, who were dull and lacked vivacity, have found a simple, pleasant way out of their trouble.

Now they have got new looks and sparkling vivacity. Now they have resigned for good that "back seat."

And all they have done is to take a course of Wincarnis, just three glasses a day, one at 11.30, one in the afternoon and another at night.

Wincarnis is simply the purest of fine wine with the great additional benefit of guaranteed vitamin malt extract and beef extract. It actually creates rich, new blood, brings new colour to the cheeks, new sparkle to the eyes. It builds up and restores the strength and vigour and soothes worn-out nerves. More than 20,000 recommendations have been received from doctors who have proved its value.

Try it to-day. The first delicious glass will do you good.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS THROUGH SICK STOMACH

Here's good news for the thousands who lie awake night after night with indigestion! A very eminent medical man, probably the greatest authority on stomach troubles, some time ago discovered an almost certain cure for acid stomach.

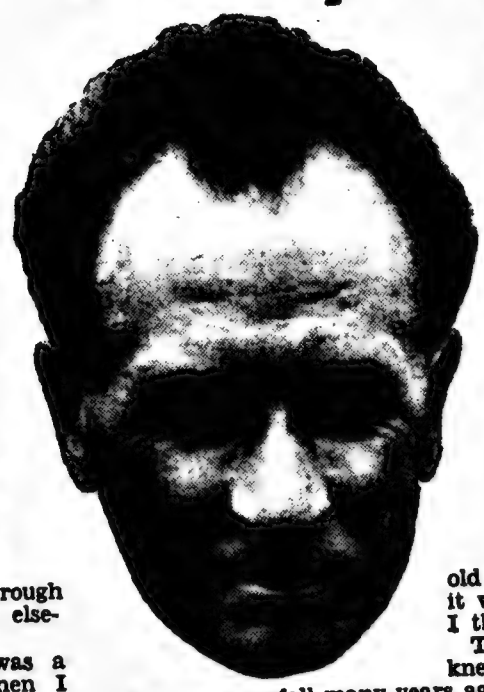
He published his formula to the profession, and doctors all over the country have proved its worth up to the hilt, even with things like gastric and duodenal ulcers. Ask your doctor. He's sure to know of Maclean Brand Powder.

Now, at last, you can get it ready packed at any chemist. Now you can end all your digestive troubles, stop the pain and discomfort, cure those sleepless nights.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Sir HERBERT BARKER'S *Greatest Hour*

Just an OLD LADY'S Prayer



IF life is, as we are sometimes told, a battle-ground, then the greatest hour should be that of victory.

I have known the heat of the battle, the bitterness of failure. And I have known the thrill that comes with ultimate triumph.

Well, in that mosaic which is my life, where can I put out the finger of memory and say: "That was my greatest hour"?

I cannot honestly say that it was my greatest hour when the medical profession ceased to bombard me, a manipulative surgeon, through its Press and elsewhere.

At most that was a sweet moment when I felt the tide of battle turn and knew that victory was secure for that for which I had fought so long.

It was sweet (since we are all human) when I was told that I was to receive a knighthood. Nor was it a small moment for me when a great university offered me an honorary degree.

But what I have to write about is my greatest hour. It has taken me a long while to decide just what hour that was. Now that I know the answer to the question I find myself surprised that it should be as it is.

For the hour I'd like above all others to live again was not concerned with triumph in the worldly sense; in what perhaps I may call some degree of fame.

It was passed in my consulting room. I have been living it again. I will live it once more, but this time you shall be with me.

"A sweet old lady"

Come, we will go into my consulting room. Please to sit down over there! Yes, under that sepia drawing which shows a man, magnificently muscled, stooping down.

All day I have been sitting at my desk in this corner, by the fireplace, listening to the tales of woe of an unending line of patients.

They have come in, mostly limping, asking for help.

And I have beckoned my dear friend and colleague of that time, Dr. Axham, and we have given them the blessed anodine of sleep, and then I have used my hands to bring what each sought back to them—health and freedom from lameness or deformity.

Manipulative surgery is tiring work because one uses just one's two hands. I feel it now as we sit together and my man brings in to me yet another name.

"Marie Le Blanc?"

It sounds familiar, yet I cannot place it. Marie Le Blanc? An echo sounds through my mind

Was there not a great favourite on the halls—oh, ever so many years ago, of that name?

Well, I am tired, but I will see her and, if necessary, operate—if I can, of course.

The woman who enters is small and old, with the bright pink cheeks of a countrywoman and the most glorious head of snowy hair.

Obviously, not *the* Marie Le Blanc! I think as I bid her be seated.

"Well?"

She is quick to explain. She speaks with darting little birdlike movements, using also her eloquent hands. A sweet old lady to help whom it would be a great joy, I think.

The trouble is the knee, she explains. A fall many years ago injured it. It grew worse. For several years now it has been stiff—quite stiff.

We must see. Old bones need careful handling. They are brittle. Often wiser to leave them alone.

Between you and me, reader, is the couch, occupying the centre of the room, the operating couch.

Pain no stranger

The old lady lies down upon it and I handle that stiff knee. All the time I am making my examination she follows me with her wise old blue eyes.

I know what thoughts are passing through her head. There is Hope, starry-eyed, and at his back dark-visaged Fear.

I straighten up. I have made my diagnosis. It is not a particularly simple matter. But I have succeeded before. I may succeed again.

All this I explain. There can never be any question of guarantee. All I can say is: "It ought to succeed."

"Well, am I to try?"

Yes, I am.

An anæsthetic? This marvellous old lady scorns the idea. What, at her time of life, is a little pain—a little *more* pain?

So I look into those old eyes, and as I make ready, I wonder what is her story. Of course, I shall never know.

Only one thing I know about her. It is this: She is *good*.

Plain or handsome, beautiful or really ugly, goodness is a quality in human beings that shines through the fleshy prison house of the spirit.

But to cause so old a lady intense suffering is not a pleasant thing. I try to explain. She listens attentively. But her mind is made up.

I begin. It does not take long, but there is pain I well know, terrible pain, as my two hands grasp that limb and manipulate it.

But there is no sound from the lips of the old lady: only a compression of the lips, a drawing together of the brows.

There is a moment when one knows it is right—or it is *not* right. It has come. I am done.

I extend my hand.

"Get up now and try to walk."

She does so and as the long-stiffened limb moves an expression of most marvellous joy spreads over the face of Marie Le Blanc. Twice she walks the length of my consulting room and as she moves her rapture increases.

When at last she seems to realise that her limb is as flexible as its fellow, she comes up to me, and asks: "Before I go would you, perhaps, permit me to kneel?"

At first, just for a flash of time, I think she still doubts her cure.

"Certainly, kneel," I invite her. "You will find your knee as sound as its fellow."

"I know that," she replies, "I know that."

Then she hesitates for a moment before she explains: "You see, I should like to kneel to pray for a few moments."

So old Marie Le Blanc kneels down by my consulting room chair, burying her old head in her thin-veined hands.

When she rises, she says very quietly: "All these years it has been a grief to me that I have been unable to kneel in prayer!"

I remain silent, for there seems nothing to be said.

The lesson I learned

I have known hard-riding hunting men urge me on so that they could, once more, get into the saddle and follow the hounds. I have known footballers and runners beg for relief that they might return to their sport.

But I have never had a patient who desired to be whole in order to praise his or her Maker.

The old lady is ready to go. She stands before me, looking up into my face, and the peace upon her own is as beautiful as anything I have ever seen.

"It is always to God that we must return thanks," she says, simply and quietly.

Then, very gently, she takes my two hands and kisses them. "But also I have to thank you. . . ." And a moment later the door closes behind little old Marie Le Blanc.

Yes, that, dear reader, I now look back upon as my greatest hour.

Why? Because in it I was taught humility, and tenderness, and piety. And because though I had rendered Marie Le Blanc a valuable service, consider what she did for me! For do I not owe to her my greatest hour?

MEET THE NEWS GIRL

You'll be thrilled to meet the News Girl heroine of A. A. Thomson's new series of short stories dealing with the adventures of a charming girl reporter, which begin to unfold in *The Passing Show*, out to-morrow, Friday, the 20th.

And that is just one of the many good things that your twopence buys.

and all for 1d.

This big little cube costing only 1d. gives you a *full strength cupful* of the Best of Beef

It's a Beefex *cube*

The penny cube dissolves instantly. Beefex is also obtainable in bottles. 1 oz. 7d., 2 oz. 1/1, 4 oz. 1/11, 8 oz. 3/6, 16 oz. 5/6. From all Grocers, Chemists and Stores.

Advert. of Beefex Ltd., West Smithfield, E.C.1 *wwd. 62*

If we delivered each oz. by Air Mail

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Bondman Empire Blend was not offered for your pleasure until we were satisfied that this blend of **VIRGINIA & COLONIAL** tobaccos was a sweet, smooth smoke — in a word, a *balanced* blend. Every ounce is **VACUUM SEALED** so that you will enjoy its true flavour.

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BONDMAN

EMPIRE BLEND 10d.

IN 1 oz. VACUUM SEALED TINS

Original Blend—BONDMAN VIRGINIA 11½d. per oz.

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

Phillips Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast

Health, Strength, VITALITY

—these things tell of Vital Youth . . . whatever one's age may be . . . .

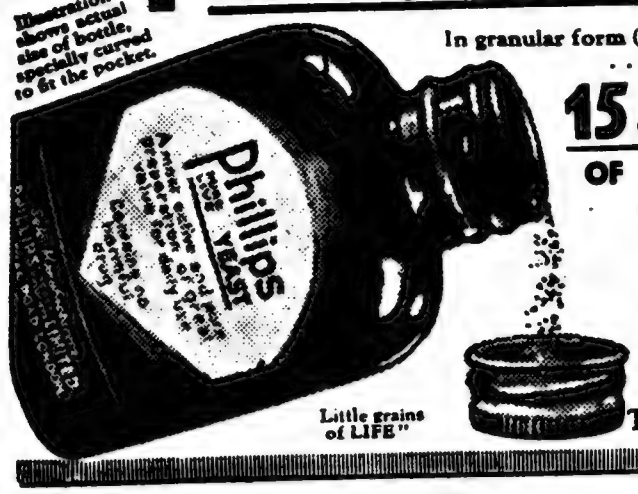
PHILLIPS YEAST is wonderfully effective in the most stubborn cases of INDIGESTION and STOMACH TROUBLES. It is also excellent for URIC ACID TROUBLES (Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago)—NERVE TROUBLES (Neurasthenia, Depression, Insomnia, Headache and Neuralgia)—SKIN TROUBLES (Boils, Spots and Facial blemishes)—IMPURE BLOOD and ANAEMIA.

Take just a little PHILLIPS YEAST with each meal. It is PURE LIVE YEAST containing no drug and can be taken with safety, by young and old, for any length of time. It is a *splendid tonic* and removes the cause of most ailments.

Phillips PURE LIVE Yeast

costs only a penny a day!

Illustration shows actual size of bottle, specially curved to fit the pocket.



In granular form (NOT A TABLET) . . . . very easy to take

15 days for 1/3

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SANATORIUM PATIENT FINDS RELIEF FROM

Hacking Cough

'Pineate' Honey Syrup succeeded after other treatments failed.

ANOTHER AMAZING LETTER.

Even the most stubborn cough can be *instantly eased and quickly banished* as this letter from yet another sanatorium patient clearly proves:—

"I have just observed in your advertisement a one-time Sanatorium patient praising 'Pincate' brand Honey Syrup. I, too, was a patient at——Sanatorium and suffered considerably with a hacking cough—particularly at night. Linctus and other medicine failed to do any good. I heard of 'Pincate' and I had a bottle sent to me. It soon eased the cough—sufficiently to allow of several hours sleep—after a teaspoonful being taken. I certainly had very poor sleep until I took 'Pincate' Honey Syrup.
(Signed) R. Pritchard, Polegate.

P.S. Of course you realize the taking of medicine other than prescribed by the Sanatorium Doctor was prohibited but could you blame me?"

You can feel the very first dose of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup doing you good as its warming, antiseptic vapours permeate the throat, chest and lungs and its soothing ingredients ease sore, cough-torn tissues. If you are racked by an obstinate cough that nothing seems to move, ask your chemist for a 1/6d. bottle of 'Pincate' brand Honey Syrup, the bronchial remedy which no cough can resist.

more hands WANTED

to save money by rolling their owners' own cigarettes. Choose the 'baccy you like best, use AG papers, and your smokes cost far less and give more satisfaction. If you have a machine for rolling—any gadget of any kind—use AG just the same to be sure of best results.

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that stands the racket.

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The Paper of Perfect Purity

COLD IN THE HEAD

Stuffiness banished with Nostroline Nasal Specific in 30 seconds! Clears head. Quickly stops Colds and Catarrh.

Sufferers from stuffiness, inflammation, or irritation in the nose should use "Nostroline" at once. Safe for youngest child. Instant relief! All Chemists 1/3 and 3/-.
Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.18 Clifton, Bristol.

'NOSTROLINE'

LINER *Fires* —

The burning "Georges Phillipar" in which fifty-three lives were lost

—Why they Happen

by Commander H. M. DANIEL

WHAT is the explanation of the recent series of terrible fires in great liners?

Eight months ago the luxury liner, *Georges Phillipar*, of the Messageries Maritimes, on her way from the Far East to Marseilles, with nearly eight hundred passengers on board, was burned in the Gulf of Aden.

And now another French luxury liner in the English Channel has been destroyed by fire.

The former was attended with terrible loss of life; but, thank heaven, all hands except nineteen on board *L'Atlantique* were safely brought ashore, none the worse except for the horrible memory of that experience—perhaps the worst trial of all which that indomitable mistress, the Sea, has to offer.

The nineteen names of the missing include those of men who deliberately sacrificed themselves to keep going the pumps and other fire-fighting appliances.

Finally, fire has damaged yet another French liner, the *France*, this time in port, and, happily, without loss of life.

Safer at sea!

It is gratifying to note that Britain's record in immunity from fires at sea is very high, and it is still more satisfactory that authorities and experts are not resting content, but are actively concerned with making ocean travel safer still, especially under the Red Ensign.

In particular, fire at sea is receiving close attention, and the shipping world is anxiously awaiting the report of a committee, now sitting and comprising all interests, to indicate what further steps, if any, remain to be taken.

A first glance at the elaborate provisions of the Safety of Life at Sea Convention suggests that nothing is left to chance; that every artifice and appliance known to human skill has been tested and, where found suitable, applied to make sea voyages even safer than travel ashore.

In many respects this is true, but it will be readily appreciated that in these difficult times Government authorities and shipping companies have had to steer carefully between two ugly rocks.

One is the risk of disaster; the other the risk of minimising it so rigorously that the cost of travel would become excessive, thus adding one more grip to the stranglehold which has been paralysing world commerce.

One of the objectives to be attained by the Safety of Life at Sea Convention was an agreed standardisation in ship construction, whereby no owner would be penalised for putting safety at a premium in the intense commercial skurry for passenger traffic.

The travelling public has every right to know that British ships, generally speaking, excel those of all other nations in the standard of equipment, particularly in this matter of precaution against fire.

In fact, it is this very proper consideration by shipowners and the Board of Trade which has imposed the handicap that hitherto has been one of the heaviest burdens carried by British shipping in recent years.

The International Convention for Safety of Life at Sea deals primarily with the structure of the ship, which is, of course, the chief consideration. It also specifies the provision of suitable hoses in sufficient numbers, the adequacy of the pumping equipment, the provision of smothering gas or steam for extinguishing cargo fires, and froth for dealing with oil fuel.

The principal object should be to make it impossible for a fire of any magnitude to get well started.

Second only to this, and in practice something more within practical reach, is a means of isolating the fire in a relatively small portion of the ship. The system favoured by the convention is fireproof bulkheads, for which a variety of designs and materials are open to choice.

A plain steel bulkhead does not afford sufficient protection, as it bends and buckles when it becomes red hot, but it can be lined with asbestos in such a manner that, after a temperature of 1,600 deg F. has raged on one side for more than seven and a-half hours, that on the other will not exceed 160 deg. F.—far less than the boiling point of water, and quite incapable of setting alight any ordinary material.

Automatic fire alarms are demanded, indicating on the bridge the first signs of fire below. These are so sensitive that they will detect even the smoke of a cigarette.

Illumination of the ship is preserved by the provision of an entirely independent system, whereby electric current is generated by a special plant near the upper deck.

Darkness horror

This is an important factor, as one of the greatest horrors associated with disaster at sea is the complete darkness in which a ship may be plunged by a breakdown of the electric supply. Many other extremely important factors are not specified.

So far no steps have been taken to limit the amount of inflammable material used in the passengers' quarters. This has been left to owners and builders to decide.

Unfortunately, in recent years there has been a mad rush towards excessive luxury. Shipowners have found magnificent appointments and dazzling decoration a greater attraction to passengers than efficiency.

The chief object of the naval architect has been to make it possible for passengers to forget their presence in a magnificent ship—to persuade them with imitation masonry and other illusive camouflage that they are really in a gorgeous floating palace.

The wonderful descriptions of the magnificent liners that are now plying the ocean tell one and all of sumptuous apartments in the spaces allotted to passenger accommodation. Panellings of rare wood, tapestries, gorgeous carpets, exquisite furniture, oil paintings, brocaded curtains!

Far be it from me to depreciate the art and skill whereby these things are done, but they all entail excessive use of wood, paint, varnish and textiles, all highly combustible in their natural state, if once a fire gets out of hand.

Various methods of fireproofing such materials are recommended. One such system has been adopted in the Royal Navy, notably in our latest wonder battleships, *Nelson* and *Rodney*, where fireproofed plywood has been employed with considerable saving of weight.

It is nowhere specified in the existing regulations how much inflammable material may be fitted without such proofing, and here is one obvious matter that should be laid down by international authority.

The electric installation is another consideration.

To ensure the utmost safety in the case of the electrical circuits supplying light and power on board an oil tanker, or to the powder magazines of a battleship, not only the best cable is used regardless of price, but throughout its entire length it is encased in steel piping.

Foolish passengers

Fuse boxes and overload switches, fulfilling much the same purpose as the safety valve of a boiler, are generously provided.

The appalling consequences of fire at sea impose the necessity of electrical equipment throughout the ship of a standard considerably in excess of what is usually deemed necessary ashore.

Passengers are a source of danger, and all passenger accommodation must be made foolproof.

Notices forbidding the use of unauthorised electric gadgets are not sufficient.

People will always be found who will endanger the whole ship by some improvisation to change photographic plates with a ruby globe under the bedclothes, or by some personal adaptation of a lampshade to facilitate reading in a favourite position.

Most passengers, too, are apt to be terribly careless with cigarette ends and matches, never having been trained to regard their ship as their home.

The International Convention for Safety of Life at Sea will ultimately attain its object only if the highest possible standard is equally exacted by all other nations.

Until that measure of agreement is reached, the public has a duty of loyalty to the British shipowner by showing practical appreciation of his services by insisting on travelling British whenever possible.

WHY

DID CADBURYS TEST HUNDREDS OF MALTS FOR BOURN-VITA?

.... BECAUSE science says you cannot benefit properly from anything whose taste you do not enjoy....

1. For four years Cadburys research department (which is staffed by 16 qualified food scientists) worked to perfect the Bourn-vita formula.

2. For example, hundreds of malts were experimented with. One reason for this was that modern science says you cannot benefit properly by anything whose taste you do not enjoy. A malt had to be found which had, in addition to the correct dietetic qualities, a *really pleasant flavour*.

3. Cadburys also searched for and found a low-temperature vacuum process of manufacture which preserves practically all the vitamins in the ingredients and does not affect the diastase in the malt (which assists digestion).

4. Although Bourn-vita tastes so good, none of its ingredients is included 'just for flavour.' The malt, milk, eggs and cocoa are all necessary to Bourn-vita's purpose—which is to make you sleep soundly and wake like a giant refreshed. Try this up-to-date bedtime beverage to-night.

9D ¼lb net ½lb net 1/5 WEIGHT GUARANTEED

Take Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

A SCIENTIFIC COMBINATION OF MALT, EGGS, MILK AND COCOA

and sleep well to-night

Stop that cold with

VAPEX INHALANT

Don't pay the price of negligence

In spite of the fatal results, the physical disability, and the huge financial loss yearly caused by the common cold, it is the most neglected of common ailments.

Neglected colds may lead to influenza, pneumonia, or bronchitis—yet the prevention of colds is so simple and the treatment—if applied in time—so effective and pleasant.

A drop of Vapex on your handkerchief, inhaled often during the day, clears the breathing passages and destroys the germs before they enter the tissues. It develops resistance to disease. And at night-time, a drop on each end of your pillow, gives comfort and protection while you sleep.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

BABY NEVER CEASED CRYING

Eruptions Caused Intense Pain. Cuticura Healed.

"My baby had eruptions on his legs and stomach which caused him intense pain. They were very sore and inflamed, and were of a wet nature. The little chap was in such torture all the time that he never ceased crying.

"I tried numerous remedies for two months without any benefit. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. I used them with good results so purchased more and in one month all trace of the trouble had disappeared. He was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. E. J. Hughes, 11, Lark Hill View, Queens Drive, W. Derby, Lancs., Eng.

Rely on Cuticura Soap and Ointment to keep your skin clear.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-hse. Sq., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

10 Years' FIERY
ECZEMA
ZAM-BUK
Grows New Skin.

Mr. A. SHADRACK.

"FOR 10 years I suffered from weeping eczema," says Mr. A. Shadrack, 23, Oxford Rd., Stratford, E.15. "It kept breaking out all over my face and hands. I endured agony from itching and inflammation. Swathed in bandages, I was ashamed to be seen out.

"I couldn't sleep for the awful burning of the sores. I was unable to shave for months. I wasted pounds on so-called remedies and special ointments before I found the real remedy in Zam-Buk. This famous herbal ointment soothed the terrible burning and itching wonderfully and quickly allayed all inflammation. Zam-Buk stopped the discharge and grew new, healthy skin. It's a marvellous preparation to rid me in such a short time of this terrible disease."

Zam-Buk cures because of wonderful herbal oils which penetrate through the tissues to the seat of disease. Splendid for chapped hands, piles, ulcers, pimples, poisoned wounds, cuts, burns, etc., 1/3 or 3/- box.

ZAM-BUK
BRAND

HOW TO CURE LIVER, KIDNEY AND RHEUMATIC DISORDERS.

Alice Landles, Certified Nurse, explains a natural cure at home, by same treatment as used in hospitals.

When even slight kidney derangement is neglected there is the certainty that rheumatic disorders must eventually result. I know from years of hospital experience that rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, bladder disorders, etc., are simply the penalties of neglecting kidneys which have become weakened so that they cease to excrete the constantly accumulating uric acid and other impurities. However, no one need be a martyr to these complaints for a single day. Simply flush, cleanse and purify the kidneys occasionally by drinking a tumbler of water to which a level teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates' has been added. Any chemist can supply this pleasant-tasting compound and it dissolves uric acid crystals as hot water dissolves sugar. When dissolved they cannot be painful, but are quickly filtered out and expelled by the kidneys. This curative medicinal water will clear the entire system of poisonous impurities or acids, sour bile, mucus and bacteria.

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'PROGRESS'
BARGAIN SALE
Price complete & Carriage Paid £3:0:0
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Two super quality white All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped edges 68 x 88ins, weight 7½lb.
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IMPORTANT. As an extra advantage, we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service: 6 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, & 4 Tea Sp'ns, all of 'Columbian' Silver which wears white all through.
CATALOGUE POST FREE. Curtains, Carpets, Household Drapery
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Doing without the FUR Trapper

THE trappers of the Frozen North are rubbing their stubbles of beard a little ruefully just now. They are thinking of "the good old days" when the whole world had to go to them for furs for its womenfolk.

Nature was kind to them then. It gave the warm, soft, rich-coloured furs that women love only to the animals that wanted them, that had to endure the icy rigours of the Arctic wind, the scalding cold of rivers never far from frozen.

Now Great Britain is taking a hand at the game, and taking it very effectively.

The trapper has a new rival in the British farmers who, searching round for new uses for land lying idle because of the agricultural depression, have turned to the breeding of silver foxes, nutrias, special rabbits, and other fur-yielding animals.

No need for them to go out into the wilds to release from the jaws of savage traps animals that have been dying in the snow for days.

They have brought the animals of the Frozen North to the thresholds of their own homes.

All alive-o!

They can soothe them into a sleep, from which they never emerge, in their own lethal chambers.

British fur farmers can take the pelts when they are at their very best. And they can allow women to choose their furs from the living animals!

Little more than twelve years have elapsed since fur breeding was taken up seriously in this country.

Whereas ten years ago there were only ten breeders of silver foxes in Britain, to-day the number is approaching two hundred, and at one farm alone, at Nithsdale, in Dumfriesshire, more than five hundred are kept in surroundings which they enjoy as much as the ice-bound forest that is their natural home.

Here they are fencing in one side of a mountain to give them the "run" they enjoy—and what a task it is!

It is necessary to lift the turf and replace it over tough wire netting that defies their natural propensity for burrowing.

Otherwise it would be hard lines on any poultry in the vicinity.

Silence must reign

And high fences must be built around the animals, inclining inwards at the top, so that climbing only brings them to an impenetrable roof.

Great care must be taken to imitate the peace and tranquillity of the frozen wild, particularly at breeding times. In the first place the climate must be something as much like the soft, sweet air of Columbia as possible.

Then there must be utter, profound solitude, a solitude which not even the bark of a dog or backfire of a car penetrates.

Raw meat is the silver fox's meal by night, cereals by day. It is the sort of food they would find themselves in the places where the traps lurk in the snowy tracks to catch their unsuspecting feet.

Yet they seem to have become civilised enough to enjoy the sight of a line of quacking ducks or a family circle of a clucking hen and her brood—on the other side of the wire, of course, if the breeder is wise—without suffering any frenzy or embarrassment.

Of all the forms of fur-breeding fast growing up in this country, silver fox undoubtedly has the greatest possibilities.

Supplies of wild foxes abroad are fast diminishing, and the traps more and more wait open for them in vain. And the business, although by no means a quick road to fortune, is an attractive one to farmers in these bad times.

A good pair for breeding can be bought for about £130, and these, in the course of a year, will not only supply another pair for breeding of their own original value, but, with average luck, four more cubs, whose pelts will certainly be worth from £20 to £30 each, and, with really excellent luck, as much as £75.

And the cost of feeding will only be about 12s. a week for the family.

One has only to remember that fox furs worth £5,000,000 are imported into this country every year to realise the possibilities of still further development.

We are bringing them here alive these days—twenty bright-eyed pairs straight from the eternal snows arrived here on the *Montclare* the other day—and they are coming to be the parents of the British furs of the future.

Their home from home—silver foxes at an English farm

The flying rats

We are breeding nutrias here now, too. They are a large type of rat, twice as big as their ugly cousins the sewer rats, and had not been seen in England until a few years ago. The first two specimens, indeed, arrived here by that newest of all means of transport—air.

Already there are more than thirty nutria farms in the United Kingdom, each stocked with steel cages in which specimens worth as much as £50 a pair search eternally for a way out.

What is more, women who you might expect to be afraid of white mice are earning a good living by rearing them.

But women don't care. For at least one woman is making money killing them, skinning them, and making them up into choice and valuable fur coats.

Next in importance to white fox breeding, however, is the new rabbit-fur industry.

Everybody knows about Chinchilla. But how many people realise that British rabbit farms are providing new skins that the women of a few generations ago never saw?

There is the Rex rabbit, with a finish like that of a really high-class plush curtain.

The first to have such a coat was a freak. But its owner was sensible enough to search Europe for another freak as pretty—and the result is a skin worth 25s. each, and plenty of freaks as pretty to carry on the species.

Similar searches for mates have given us the Beveren, with its soft, dense fur of blue, black, white or brown; the Argente, with its delicate blue-grey texture, and the rich-brown Havana.

And there is another kind that can give us a silver fox effect—almost.

"Almost" because nothing can give us the beautiful white tip effect of the real silver fox, neither dyeing nor any other artificial means.

At Daventry a woman has started a very original rabbit-fur breeding business as a cottage industry. The rabbits are bred in the neighbourhood for fur-making only, and after the men have killed them the women make up the skins into wraps and ties that surprise even the most expert furriers.

Lost chance

You might expect, in view of the big developments in fur-breeding in this country, that the mole-catchers would be busy in the English countryside. But although the British mole is as fine as any in the world for fur-making, and England is its natural haunt, we are actually losing ground in this department of the trade.

Cheap foreign labour and cheaper production methods generally on the Continent have had the effect of driving English firms out of the business, and even the Yorkshire mole-catchers, who used to be the finest in the world, have turned their hands to other trades without passing on the business to other hands.

Yet, notwithstanding that fact, every woman may find it easy to-day to buy all the furs she wants, right up to the height of fashion and suitable to any season of the year, without buying a foreign article.

For too long Britain has been content to pay many millions of pounds a year to foreign firms that have lived on the blood and sweat of little fur-bearing animals. It is a reproach that has often been flung at our womanhood, and none has been better deserved.

And now the British industry is growing. And it is a humane one. Common decency alone demands that we should encourage it.

WHAT DO YOU USE MILTON FOR?

—It Has 153 Other Uses

If you wear false teeth—or smoke a pipe; if you suffered from a cold sore or a sore throat this winter—or chilblains; if you are a collector of old prints—or keep animals; then it is likely that somewhere about the house you have a bottle of Milton!

You probably bought Milton for one particular purpose. And you probably *use* Milton for that one purpose only: which is a pity. For you will find Milton just as successful in a hundred and fifty-three other uses!

You can see something of the variety of Milton's uses in the opening words of this article. But it is nothing to the immense variety you will be astonished to discover—in the little book about Milton which is now packed with every bottle.

A hundred and fifty products in one! Some people find that difficult to believe. And no wonder! Yet—*test* Milton for any purpose stated in the book, and you will find that it is indeed true. *Milton never fails!*

Do this, for instance: Next time you have a little spot or pimple, apply Milton. The irritation and swelling are gone in no time.

Rub your finger with the juice of a raw onion. Apply Milton. The smell instantly vanishes! No smell (of either onion or Milton) remains.

Stain white linen with some fruit juice, or ink, or coffee, or tea. Apply Milton. The stain is no longer there!

You will find in the book at least a dozen important things that Milton can do for your health and comfort during this winter. You will find in it the secret of keeping free from influenza, colds, sore throats. You will find in it the certain way to relieve toothache, chilblains, cold-spots on the lips.

Get this book—and read it. There is one with every bottle. Milton costs sixpence.

FREE RELIEF FOR *YOUR* STOMACH TROUBLES

Are you suffering from Indigestion or its kindred ailments? Here's the relief you want—relief that's *certain, instantaneous*—in which we have such confidence that we offer to GIVE you your first supply (*this FREE 9d. tin is put up for Trial only and is not for Sale*). You'll find that Birley's clears your system of acidity—enables you to eat what you like without fear of pain afterwards, and is tasteless and harmless. Cut the coupon out now and post *immediately* in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope. *We* will pay the postage on the Free 9d. Tin.

Read these letters telling how others have gained wonderful relief.

"Great Relief after Years of Suffering"

"After many years of extreme suffering and expense nothing has done me so much good as your Antacid Powder. I have recommended it to many sufferers and several have informed me of the great relief obtained. Of sterling value to sufferers from Indigestion and acidity." **T. G. BUTLER, 3, Tower Hill, Guernsey, C.I**

"Finest Rectifier of Stomach Disorders."

"Eight years ago, following many months of intense abdominal pain, I was operated upon for Gastric Ulcer. I was much better for a time, but the distressing symptoms recurred, causing loss of sleep and consequent breakdown to the system. My present greatly improved condition is entirely due to Birley's Antacid Powder, which, in my humble opinion, is the best for stomach disorders." **W. E. TEELING, 177, Lightwoods Rd., Smethwick, Staffs.**

BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER

The Proved Remedy for **INDIGESTION, ACID STOMACH, FLATULENCE, HEART-BURN, BILIOUSNESS, PALPITATION, GASTRITIS.** (Of all Chemists 1/3, 3/- & 5/- tins only.)

COUPON 71 for FREE 9d. Tin, Post Paid.

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly.*

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD., 16, Northdown Street, King's Cross, London, N.1.

I have not previously tried Birley's Antacid Powder so send me FREE 9d. Tin Post Paid.

Signature .....

(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

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"CHEST COLD *removed overnight*"

"There are some remedies for everyday complaints which seem to be excellent for some people and useless for others. Your Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment appears to me to be different. My entire little family (as well as friends to whom I have recommended it) find it removes a cough or chest cold overnight—without any 'ifs' and 'buts'."

Yours truly, (Mrs.) B. W., Putney.

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment is unequalled for affections of the chest and lungs, especially in pneumonia, 'flu, or with coughs, colds and sore throats. This clean, white ointment penetrates right down to the seat of the trouble. Its soothing, healing warmth draws out the pain and soreness, and loosens the congestion—without burn or blister. Always keep a jar handy in the house, because when you want it, you want it badly. Insist on the genuine Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Obtainable from all chemists.

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MADE IN ENGLAND

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clear striking proof

The sales of Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes for the past twelve months show a substantial increase over the preceding twelve months. Here is definite proof that *"It's the Tobacco that Counts,"* and

Whether you prefer a plain or cork-tipped Cigarette—ask for the best

PLAYER'S

Quality will tell

DIGESTIVE PAINS LIKE KNIVES IN CHEST

JB RELIEF AFTER 10 YEARS' AGONY.

From a recent photo of Mr. Bunce

Mr. A. H. Bunce, of Mortyr Worthy, Winchester, writes :—

"I have suffered from indigestion for the past ten years. The pains I had were like knives in the chest. I tried nearly all the remedies that money will buy but I was no better. About a year ago I got a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia and I found it was the making of me. The pains went and I can eat as I like now but I still keep a bottle at home. You may use this letter as you like as I am only too thankful that I am free from that awful complaint indigestion." 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the world's indigestion remedy, is obtainable in powder and tablet forms at 1/3 from any chemist.

engineers PUT US TO THE TEST

All we ask is the chance to prove to you that you can earn £300, £400, £500 per year and more. Other men are doing it and you can do the same.

The first thing to do is to send for our FREE Handbook "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES." This 250-page book contains details of B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., R.I.M.T., G.P.O., etc. Exams., outlines Home-Study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero, Wireless and "Talking-Picture" Engineering, and explains the advantages of our unique Employment Dept. We urge you not to neglect our offer. Send for your copy of our Handbook to-day, Free of *any* charge.

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THE SAME GENEROUS TERMS as offered by the "BIG TWO" for the Flat apply to Racing under National Hunt Rules.

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14 LISTS TO CHOOSE FROM

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227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

"BE thorough." Those words remain indelible on my mind as if uttered yesterday. Twenty years ago that advice was given to me when I started business on my own account.

I became thorough. Every article I made expressed my individuality and was made with thoroughness. I worked up to a quality rather than down to a price.

To-day my reputation is assured and my business sound, in a town where business men are literally kicking themselves into the bankruptcy court by reason of price-cutting.—*J. H., Sutton Coldfield.*

Severed Links

"When you settle down, don't make the mistake some young people make. Don't give up your friends. You are inclined to be wrapped up in each other and let everybody else go. It is not easy to get them back."

This advice I shall never forget. We, at first, lived for each other, ignored the advice, and found our friends ignored us.

Fortunately, we discovered our mistake early, and have been glad of all our friends' help from time to time.—*E. K., Walthamstow.*

No Soft Jobs

This advice came from an old man whose philosophy had been acquired through the school of practical experience :

"Don't spend your time watching the clock or looking for soft cushions. Those who do find themselves on a very hard seat, provided by the gods who watch over industry.

"Learn to stand on your own feet. They were given for that purpose. And don't waste your minutes and then grouse that the years have brought you nothing. Why should they if you have put nothing into them?"—*W. G., Chesterfield.*

Sufficient . . .

My soundest advice came through reading in "Omar Khayyam" :—

"Unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday,
Why fret about them if to-day be sweet?"

Why, indeed! I had drifted into the habit of thinking about the past, about my old absurdities and things that I should have forgotten. I had spent hours thinking about the future, of what might happen, until I had come to dread it.

Then I read those two lines, and came to learn the secret of intelligent forgetting, and as for the future—well, I now let that take care of itself.—*John Gee, Sparkbrook.*

"Learn to stand on your own feet," said the old man

"Sleep On It"

My father's business crashed. He lost money and friends. I remember him distractedly pacing his study. Mother, inwardly afraid of tragedy, said quietly, "Sleep on it, Sam." He calmed down.

Since then I have often been on the brink of making hasty decisions, which after-events proved would have spelt disaster. Fortunately I "slept on them." That hasty, resentful letter was not written, because I "slept on it."

To-day I am workless; to-morrow I may be employed. I may not. Anyhow, I shan't worry. I shall "sleep on it."—*P. Aslatt, Romsey.*

Nest Egg

Bill kept his widowed mother. So did I, spending several shillings weekly on pleasure besides.

One day I saw him emerging from an office. "So that's your little game, saving, eh?" said I.

He replied : "Look here, you're paying eleven bob a week rent. If you put the price of a couple of visits to the 'pictures' to that, you could buy your own cottage, as I am doing. Think about it."

In four years' time I shall have the deeds, and mother and I will be sure of a shelter as long as we live.—*T. M., Sunderland.*

BEST ADVICE I Ever Had

Upright Judge

Wayward from childhood, I eventually found myself in the dock accused of theft. After being bound over for twelve months, the judge, laying his hand on my shoulder, said:

"My lad, let me advise you to turn over a new leaf. Get on the straight path and stick to it, and when you are tempted, think of a grey-haired old judge whose heart is heavy when he has such cases as yours to try."

Thanks to his advice, I have since led a clean, honest life.—*R. B., Shrewsbury.*

Steer Straight

"Keep a stiff upper lip, my lad," was the advice given to me, and from the beginning of my working days I have kept it as a treasured memory, for after my father's death I was left alone to paddle my own canoe, to steer it straight, and take the responsibility which my father had left.

Trials and temptations have entered into my life. Each time I was confronted with these the advice given me bored its way into my mind and brought fresh memories of my father's words.—*F. E., Swinton.*

On Top

"Clean up your desk every night," given by my head when he found me shutting the lid on an unholy muddle of papers before going home.

I resolved to try it; and have acted on it ever since. It gives a sense of serenity that makes it possible to deal with routine matters and emergencies in business life with confidence, and one feels "on top" instead of "snowed under."—*L. H. B., Bolton.*

Keep A-Goin'

I was feeling down in the dumps and fed up with things in general, when someone sent me a letter with this verse enclosed :—

"If it rains, or if it snows,
Keep a-goin';
If it hails, or if it blows,
Keep a-goin'.
'Taint no use to sit an' whine,
If the fish ain't on your line,
Bait your hook, an' keep on tryin';
Keep a-goin'."

G. W., Bridlington.

* * *

Never bet or gamble. Gambling robs work of its zest and interest. It is a great evil, destructive of character.—*M. B., Walsall.*

"Show courage, whatever the odds," was sound advice which I have ever sought to follow.—*R. J. Manning, Sidcup.*

"Look after her, my lad. You'll want her when nobody else wants you." My dad's advice, referring to my indifferent attitude to a good wife.—*W. G. E., Nuneaton.*

I have found it under the headings of "The Human Machine" and "Homely Wisdom" in JOHN BULL.—*E. P., Leeds.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, January 24.

My Proudest Day

EXPERT SOCCER FORECASTS

Selections for January 21

FIRST DIVISION.
(1) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Bolton.
(2) BLACKPOOL v. Birmingham.
(3) Wolves v. Portsmouth.
(4) VILLA v. Liverpool.
*(5) ARSENAL v. Manchester C.
(6) Blackburn v. WEDNESDAY.
(7) DERBY v. W. B. Albion.
*(8) EVERTON v. Sunderland.
(9) HUDDERSFIELD v. Leeds.
**(10) NEWCASTLE v. Leicester.
(11) SHEFFIELD U. v. Chelsea.

SECOND DIVISION.
(1) FULHAM v. Notts County.
(2) Bradford v. Bradford City.
(3) WEST HAM v. Port Vale.
**(4) STOKE CITY v. Grimsby.
(5) BURY v. Southampton.
(6) CHARLTON v. Oldham.
(7) CHESTERFIELD v. Swansea.
(8) LINCOLN v. Millwall.
(9) Manchester U. v. Hotspur.
(10) FOREST v. Preston.
**(11) PLYMOUTH v. Burnley.

SOUTHERN SECTION.
(1) BRENTFORD v. Exeter.
(2) READING v. Norwich.
(3) WATFORD v. Bristol Rovers.
**(4) BRISTOL CITY v. Newport.
(5) CARDIFF v. Brighton.
*(6) ORIENT v. Swindon.
*(7) COVENTRY v. Luton.
(8) C. PALACE v. Q. P. Rangers.
(9) GILLINGHAM v. Aldershot.
*(10) NORTHAMPTON v. Boscombe.
(11) SOUTHEND v. Torquay.

NORTHERN SECTION.
**(1) DONCASTER v. Darlington.
(2) CHESTER v. Accrington.
(3) Hartlepools v. Walsall.
(4) YORK v. Southport.
(5) BARNSLEY v. Gateshead.
*(6) BARROW v. Rotherham.
(7) CARLISLE v. Mansfield.
(8) CREWE v. Rochdale.
(9) Halifax v. Wrexham.
*(10) HULL v. Stockport.
(11) N. Brighton v. TRANMERE.

SCOTTISH CUP—Round 1.
(1) Hamilton v. MOTHERWELL.
**(2) RANGERS v. Arbroath.
**(3) ABERDEEN v. Penicuik.
(4) AIRDRIE v. Alloa.
**(5) ALBION R. v. Inverness T.
(6) Armadale v. DUNDEE U.
**(7) CLYDE v. Fraserburgh.
(8) COWDENBEATH v. Dundee.
(9) DUMBARTON v. Beith.
(10) Dunfermline v. CELTIC.
(11) E. STIRLING v. Montrose.
(12) Edinburgh v. AYR UNITED.
(13) Falkirk Amateurs v. QUEEN'S PARK.
(14) STRANRAER v. Bo'ness.
**(15) HEARTS v. Solway Star.
*(16) HIBS. v. Forfar.
(17) King's Park v. ST. MIRREN.
(18) LEITH v. Brechin.
(19) Q. of South v. THIRD LANARK.
(20) Raith v. FALKIRK.
(21) St. Bernards v. PARTICK.
(22) ST. JOHNSTONE v. E. Fife.
(23) STENHOUSEMUIR v. Morton.
(24) Lochgelly v. KILMARNOCK.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with H for home and A for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—10 (*H*); Div. II.—4 (*H*); Northern Section—1 (*H*); Scottish Cup—2 (*H*) would indicate Newcastle, Stoke, Doncaster and Rangers.

Are you a Martyr to Asthma or Bronchitis?

Martyrdom is the only word for your suffering—the paroxysms of coughing, feelings of suffocation, tightness across the chest and frantic struggles for breath. Adopt the same remedy used by Mrs. S., of Brighton, who writes:—"I have been a martyr to Asthma for thirteen years and previous to using Potter's Asthma Cure could not go to bed, being obliged to sit up in a chair. Now I go to bed comfortably." Potter's Asthma Cure is just as good for Catarrh, Croup, Whooping Cough and other similar troubles.

"I could not live without Potter's Asthma Cure."

HEALTH HINTS FOR ASTHMATICS

Relief from the distressing symptoms of Asthma and Bronchitis is a good thing, but the prevention of attacks is even better, and our booklet "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?" tells you how. It is full of useful and practical information, as to what you should and should not do. It refers to food, mealtimes, digestion and other matters of interest and importance. This booklet is sent free with the Free Trial.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct post free 1/9 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

TO OUTDOOR WORKERS

If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE & BOOKLET TO-DAY

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

I enclose two penny stamps to cover postage for a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture, and Cigarettes, also a copy of booklet "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?"

Name.....

Address.....

.....

"John Bull." PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

Ugly yellow vanishes.

TEETH WHITEN 3 Shades in 3 days

If you think yellow, stained, unsightly-looking teeth are natural, start using Kolynos—a half-inch of this amazing dental cream on a dry brush twice daily. In 3 days you'll see your mistake. Your teeth will look 3 shades whiter!

Kolynos—unlike any preparation you've ever used—contains two important ingredients that clean and whiten teeth remarkably. One—the finest cleansing agent known—erases stain and tartar, foams into every tiny fissure and washes away decay-causing débris;—while the other ingredient kills the millions of germs that cause most tooth and gum troubles and helps to make teeth absolutely clean.

Thus Kolynos gently cleans teeth right down to the natural white enamel and soon makes them more attractive than ever. It refreshes the mouth and stimulates the gums. Buy a tube of Kolynos from your chemist to-day.

KOLYNOS

the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

MADE IN ENGLAND

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Aching Muscles

RHEUMATISM. LUMBAGO. SCIATICA. NEURITIS. BACKACHE. ALL ACHES & PAINS.

MADE IN ENGLAND

After a tiring day—try this.

Outdoor workers, athletes and all who are exposed to changeable wintry weather, will find Sloan's a boon.

When muscles and joints are stiff and sore after a hard day a little Sloan's works wonders. The liniment penetrates without rubbing, soothes and warms nerves and tissues and drives away stiffness, aches and pains. Muscles become lissom and flexible; welcome relief and comfort quickly follow.

Economical in use, a single bottle goes a long way.

2/- and 4/- of Chemists and Stores.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

What Made His HAIR GROW?

Read His Letter for the Answer.

"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko.

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

Test-Box Coupon.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 7, Percy Street (33 V.V.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

£1,000 and 34 Souvenir Prizes Won in "John Bull's" Crossword No. 195

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors who share the £800 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £266 13s. 4d. will be sent.

A. Evans, 34, Mary Street, Ciliynydd, S. Wales.

Miss G. Hodson, 116, Wellin Lane, Lostock Hall, Nr. Preston.

Miss D. R. Hollands, The Rock, The Glade, Hooks Orchard, Croydon.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, January 31st, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order Number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

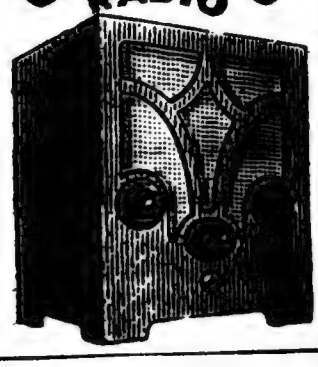
No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 31 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £3 4s. 7d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

In addition to the above cash awards, the 3 winners who divide the First Prize and each of the 31 sharing the £100 for Runners-up will receive a £2 Souvenir Writing Set.

CROSSWORD No. 196.—The result of the Bonus Award in this contest will be published next week.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First 2-in-1 prize of 30/- a Week for Life and £300 cash and prizes for runners-up appears on Page 38. Try your skill now!

GRAVES RADIO



THE NAME YOU CAN TRUST.

The GRAVES 'ARIEL' Set is a triumph of quality and value. Self contained in one cabinet of lovely polished Oak, 15½ x 13½ x 10in; every component of the highest class. All-Steel Chassis, Ferranti Transformer, S.M. Air Condenser, Partrix H.T and L.T. Batteries, latest type Mullard Valves; Simple Tuning Device. Made under Marconi Licence and designed to give the most natural and satisfactory reception of B.B.C. programmes and Foreign Stations within its range. This is your finest chance to get such a completely perfect set on terms of payment which you can easily afford. Our full price, with Aerial Outfit, Carriage Paid, is only £4.16.0

6/- NOW

NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED; there is no extra charge for easy terms of 6/- per month; 1/6 per week, paid monthly, makes you the satisfied owner of the 'Ariel' 2-Valve Set, and ensures you and your family thousands of hours of pleasure and instruction.

CATALOGUE POST FREE, with full detailed particulars of this and other Battery and All-Mains Table and Pedestal Sets; also Radio Grams, all offered at the Keenest Prices on Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

LIFE PENSION AND BIG CHEQUES FOR THIS X-WORD!

EXTRA £2 SOUVENIR GIFT for EACH WINNER

LUXURIOUS GOLD-FILLED **WRITING SET**

BEAUTIFULLY ORNAMENTED FOUNTAIN-PEN ENGRAVED WITH YOUR INITIALS AND EVERLASTING PENCIL TO MATCH IN ELEGANT VELVET LINED CASE. A PRIZE YOU WILL TREASURE FOR YEARS

VALUE £2

30/- and £300

A WEEK FOR LIFE — **CASH** OR ONE PAYMENT OF £800

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

£100 EXTRA BONUS BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO 6d ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

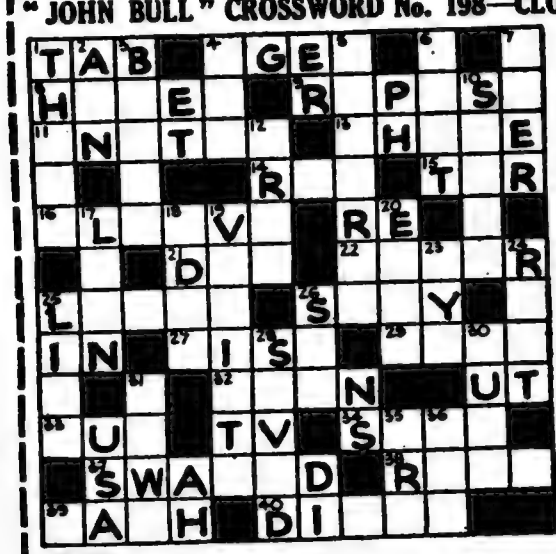
CLOSING NOON, THURS. JAN. 26

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30/- a week and £300 cash (or a lump sum of £800 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is nearest the correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Additional 2-in-1 award value £2 for every winner, consisting of a gold-filled fountain pen and pencil in case. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 2nd, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 9th, 1933.

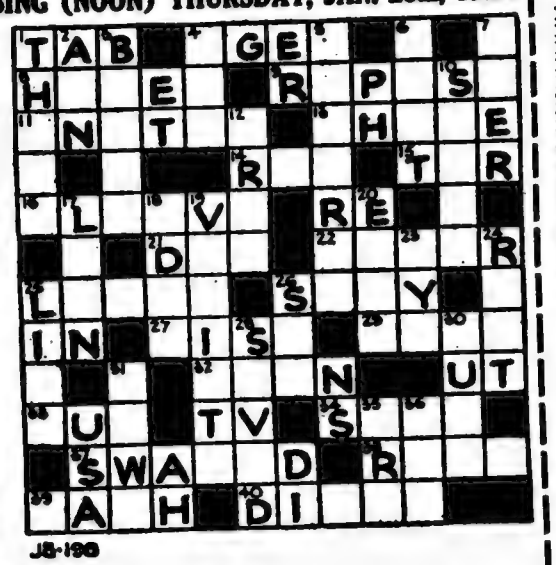
Join the growing band of "John Bull's" X-word Life Pensioners! Half an hour with the entertaining puzzle below and a fine 2-in-1 First of 30s. a week for life and £300 cash may be yours.

Among Runners-up, too, the sum of £200 will be divided on terms announced and *every cash prize-winner will receive an additional award of a luxurious gold-filled Souvenir Writing Set value £2.*

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 198—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 26th, 1933.



JB-198



JB-198

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

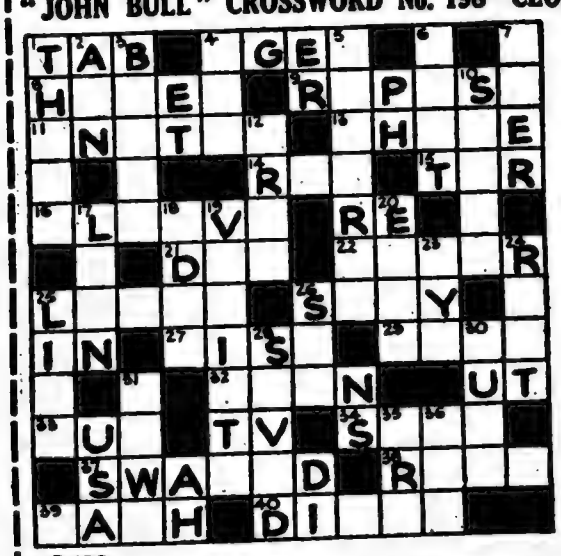
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares **6D.**

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 198—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 26th, 1933.



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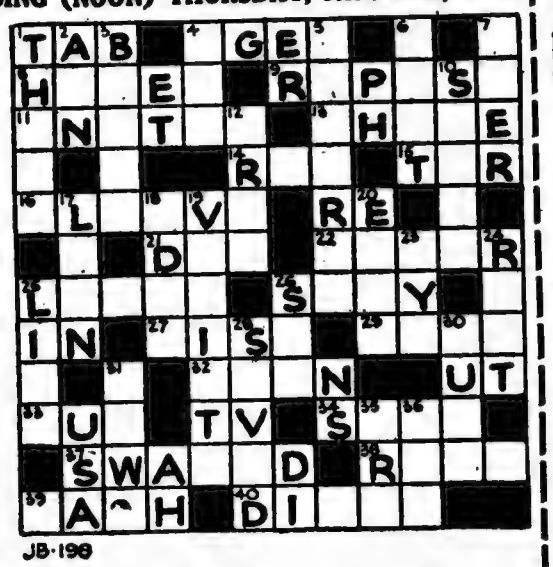


JB-198

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares **1/-**

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it '& Co.'; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, January 26th, 1933.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms—(four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misdirected, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 9th, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, February 21st, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

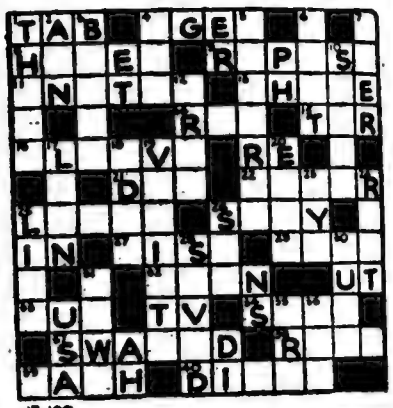
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

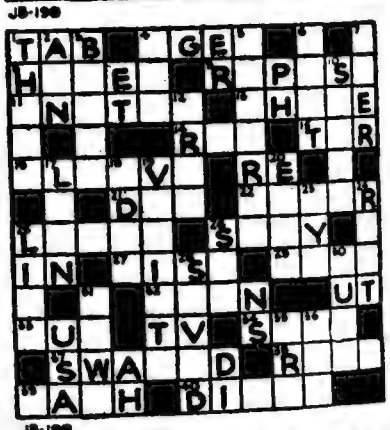
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



JB-198



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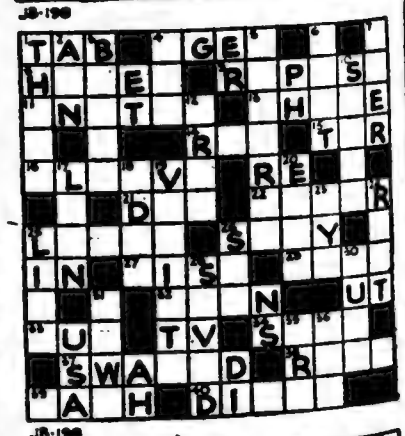

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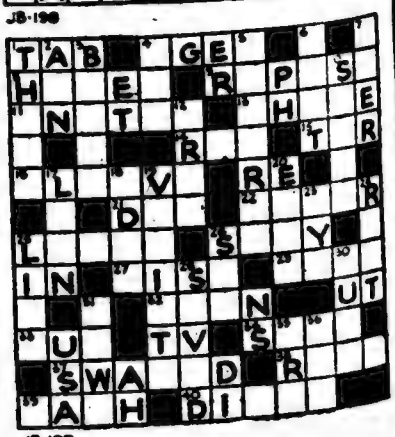


JB-198

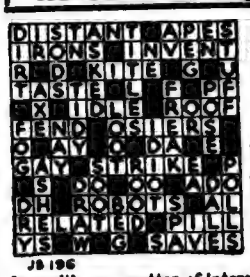
CLUES ACROSS

1. A label.
4. Describes many pensioners.
8. One who hires.
9. Rest.
11. Joined.
13. Jonah's favourite animal.
14. Sonny gets, when found out.
15. Name for a sailor.
16. You put your arm into this.
21. Bird like a crow.
22. Pleases commercial traveller.
25. Poor team's this after league match
26. Lively.
27. Legal term meaning "unless."
29. What sun does nightly.
32. Gain by labour.
33. Abbreviation of "Susan."
34. Rise swiftly.
37. Swung from side to side.
38. Cropper often follows slipping on this. [up late.
39. What one often makes after getting
40. Sometimes feels uneasy down below

CLUES DOWN

1. Horse-racing produces these.
2. Scottish form of "own."
3. Man who takes one loses his independence.
4. Part of verb "to be."
5. Glistens on grass blade at sunrise.
6. Painter makes it fast.
7. Foolish to spend money on.
10. To get work done well you may have to do this.
12. Sketched.
17. Person who's conspicuous.
18. Adam's garden. [theatres.
19. You can see it non-stop in some
20. Makes a mistake.
23. Stain with colour. [work.
24. What you do when you've got no
25. Are commonly nailed down.
26. Knight's title.
28. Money is, by thrifty.
30. A good one deserves another.
31. There are sometimes graves be-
35. Crude mineral. [neath these.
36. Atmosphere.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED



JB 196

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 196

Winners in 195 on page 35. Result of 196 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 196 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE

With 2 squares send Postal Order for 6d. With 4 squares send P.O. for one shilling. See Rule 1.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 198, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

RECORD-SMASHING CROSSWORD PRIZE £5 A WEEK FOR LIFE, AND £1,000 COMING FOR CONTEST NO. 200

The Editor Laughs LAST

CRITIC (London, W.).—"The play didn't quite come off." It probably will.

E. N. (York).—"Some American jails have glee clubs." Sing Sing sing-songs.

D. E. (St. Albans).—"I speak as I think." But more often, we expect.

J. S. (Hawick).—"No beautiful girls for me." What don't they like about you?

T. M. (Lynton).—"Some films act like a tonic to me." They leave a nasty taste in our mouth, too.

D. W. (Pinner).—"Your short letter was an eye-opener to me." And your long letter had the opposite effect on us.

I. C. (London, E.C.).—"Nobody seems to welcome my letters." Are you the income-tax man?

S. B. T. (Edinburgh).—"Would you consider a telephone girl's job a trade or a profession?" A "calling."

J. F. H. (Pett's Wood).—"Can you tell me what will make my little car go?" Forget to pay your instalments.

E. M. W. (Hendon).—"Whatever the weather is it doesn't agree with some people." Especially the weather experts.

PSYCHIC (Derby).—"I have just received a communication from Julius Cæsar." Another postal delay!

T. R. (Grimsby).—"Does the infant prodigy generally get on?" Yes—everybody's nerves.

T. M. (Goole).—"JOHN BULL leaves me cold." Sorry, but we cannot include a blanket supplement for twopence.

R. B. (Luton).—"I give my wife every penny I earn." And keep the notes and silver?

W. W. T. (St. Ives).—"There is a fish in the Atlantic that barks." Most anglers prefer fish that bite.

B. M. (St. Neots).—"Gossip and radio seem still to be the fastest travellers in the world." But radio has been able to eliminate much of the distortion.

W. L. (Grantham).—"There are now women income-tax inspectors." That's nothing new—women have been taxing their husbands' income for years.

H. M. (London, E.C.4).—"The girl behind the post-office counter kept me waiting twenty minutes." So you stamped with impatience?

A. D. F. (Shrewsbury).—"Whose heart doesn't gladden at this time of the year to see a crackling log fire?" A radiator salesman.

R. M. (Burnley).—"After I had finished my first song the audience continued to clap for five or six minutes." To drown the second one?

K. E. Y. (Kilmarnock).—"Shall I ever live to play the piano properly?" It depends on the patience of the man next door.

R. M. (Marylebone).—"A writer must have imagination." Yes, in the first place he must imagine that someone is going to read what he writes.

F. P. (Cheltenham). — "Our prisons are full of educated men." Well, it's refreshing to know that there's at least a place for an educated man.

W. A. P. (Catford).—"He hadn't seen me for forty years, but he remembered my face." We'd rather have a memory like that than a face like that.

ALOYSIUS (Bloomsbury). — "I have sent you only ten of the twenty articles I have written; shall I send you the rest?" We wish you would give us one.

TOM (Southampton).—"My coach told me that there are two things which keep me from being a good boxer." Your hands?

W. A. S. (Knightsbridge).—"And now we have lady gangsters and bandits. Awful, isn't it?" Yes, but nothing new. Formerly they were called landladies.

MRS. D. (Luton).—"When we were engaged to be married I entertained my husband by playing the piano." Now you just run through a few notes for him, we suppose?

BOB (Coventry).—"He said in his advertisement that he could read my future from my writing, but when I sent a letter he did not reply." Perhaps he couldn't even read your writing.

BUSKER (Walworth).—"You may be surprised to hear that I am one who plays the trumpet outside your offices." You may be surprised to hear that the inkstand which caught you in the ear was ours.

G. F. (Bournemouth).—"A writer predicts that by 1934 there will be new designs on our coins." It rather looks as though hold-up men and income-tax collectors are going to experience competition.

H. J. (Newport).—"It is very simple to toboggan down any slope." Especially after taking the wife an early morning cup of tea.

G. W. (Bognor).—"War doesn't pay." And sometimes it isn't even paid for.

N. B. (Birmingham).—"Aston Villa will win the Cup." Well, that's settled.

R. M. (London, N.).—"The Arsenal will win the Cup." Well, that's settled.

F. M. (London, N.).—"Chelsea will win the Cup." Well, that's settled.

T. N. (Truro).—"There is music even in a baby's cry." Maybe, but the one next door needs tuning.

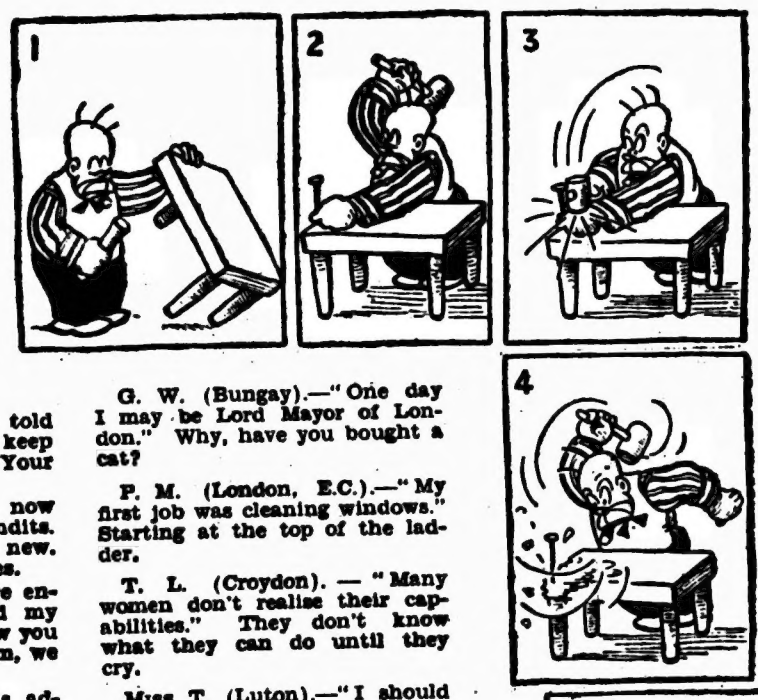
M. B. (Daventry).—"My bulbs are well up—are yours?" Yes, our neighbour has a cat, too.

R. N. (Bude).—"What could be worse than a really bad cold?" The fellow with a "certain" cure for it.

H. M. (Ely).—"I had half a mind not to write this letter." But apparently you wrote it with the other half?

D. P. (Balham).—"Man is the only animal who blushes." He is also the only animal who has any reason to.

W. B. (Norwich).—"I have thrown out the suggestion for what it is worth." So have we.



G. W. (Bungay).—"One day I may be Lord Mayor of London." Why, have you bought a cat?

P. M. (London, E.C.).—"My first job was cleaning windows." Starting at the top of the ladder.

T. L. (Croydon). — "Many women don't realise their capabilities." They don't know what they can do until they cry.

MISS T. (Luton).—"I should prefer a husband with a good appearance." And the sooner the appearance the better, we suppose.

BETTY (East Ham).—"Any girl who goes motoring with a strange man is almost sure to have to walk home." And if she goes hiking with him . . .?

D. P. (Carlisle). — "Please remember that people cannot be arrested for omitting to read your paper." Even if they could, very few would be in any danger.

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write today! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

MEDICO (Hull).—"Modern babies are a very sound lot." Yes, deafening.

G. N. (Hoxton).—"Street hawkers are busy just now. Doing a roaring trade.

G. M. (Iver).—"We first met while skating on a pond." Who broke the ice?

C. V. (Birkenhead). — "Our motor driver ran into a coffee-stall the other day." But he got it hot and strong.

P. R. (Hanley).—"Life has its prizes for some people." And its surprises for all.

ENQUIRER (Watford).—"To whom do famous people owe most?" Their banks in many cases.

FILMGOER (Halifax).—"Who will deny that the world's prettiest girls are to be found in Hollywood?" The girls of every other town in the world.

Q. E. D. (Ely).—"I know what real loneliness is." I suppose you've been coming home at night in the middle of your wife's bridge parties.

B. M. (Nuneaton).—"My neighbour tears up the street every morning about eight o'clock." He is probably a very business-like laundryman?

J. S. (Coventry).—"I can't get used to writing '1933' yet." Well, you'll never forget it if you win that £1,933 and £4 a week for life offered on page 39.

S. D. (Northampton).—"The Nobel Peace Prize is not to be given to any individual this year." Then what about giving it to the bridge club that ruled against husbands and wives playing as partners?

S. T. (Bristol). — "No people have ever suffered through any faults of mine." You seem to forget your letters to us.

N. B. (Chelsea).—"Why cannot European nations live like one big family?" Hang it, we can't always be squabbling!

MRS. D. (Manchester). — "Some restaurants do not cook fish long enough." Nor, in some cases, quite soon enough.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

And Now He Loves Me More Than Ever

"Hello dear. Say, I've had a tiff with George. What!—Why he telephoned three times last week saying he had to work late . . . matter of fact I heard he was at the Kat Kall Club with that smart little blonde in his office. I was dreadfully upset . . . . That day my hairdresser asked me to try Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood—said you could get a new white skin in 3 days . . . . Would you believe it—at the end of the week George told me he had never seen me look so young and attractive since we were first married . . . 10 years ago. The silly dear is really more in love with me than ever. I'm sure he's quite forgotten about the blonde. I really owe it all to Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. If you have not tried it, my dear, get some at once."

Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil, combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates the pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away and tightens enlarged pores; whitens and softens the darkest, roughest skin. Gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days, such as can be obtained in no other way.

THE NEVER-FAILING REMEDY

No cough or cold, however stubborn, can resist Galloway's Cough Syrup. In *every* case, this famous old London remedy means speedy and complete recovery.

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists & Stores.
Price 1/3 or 2/6 per bottle or direct from P. H. Galloway Ltd., Qualified Chemists, London, S.E.17.

ADAMSON *Mends the Table*

SAFE

YOUR Free Insurance Certificate—do you realise all that it means to you? It is symbolic of the Greatest Free Insurance for the *Home* in the world. It is a pledge from "John Bull" to you to safeguard your home when it is in danger—should Fire, Storm or Flood place it in jeopardy—should Sickness or Accident strike down you or your loved ones.

It is also a charter conferring upon you generous and exclusive protection.

We reproduce here a letter from a reader who nearly lost this precious document. Keep yours *safe*, remembering that similar protection would cost at least Two Guineas if taken out through an Insurance Company.

If you have not yet registered, do so at once on the forms below.

"Thought it was lost"

My husband and myself are very grateful for cheque amounting to £19 16s. 0d., received on account of burglary. We think your scheme is very well organised and deserving of every recommendation and praise. The 10% bonus paid to readers registered for three months or more is most generous. When we applied for benefit *we thought our Registration Certificate had been lost* in the turmoil, and we were delighted when it was found.

M. M.,
Ashton-under-Lyne.

A GIFT WORTH TWO GUINEAS

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 21/1/33.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

.....

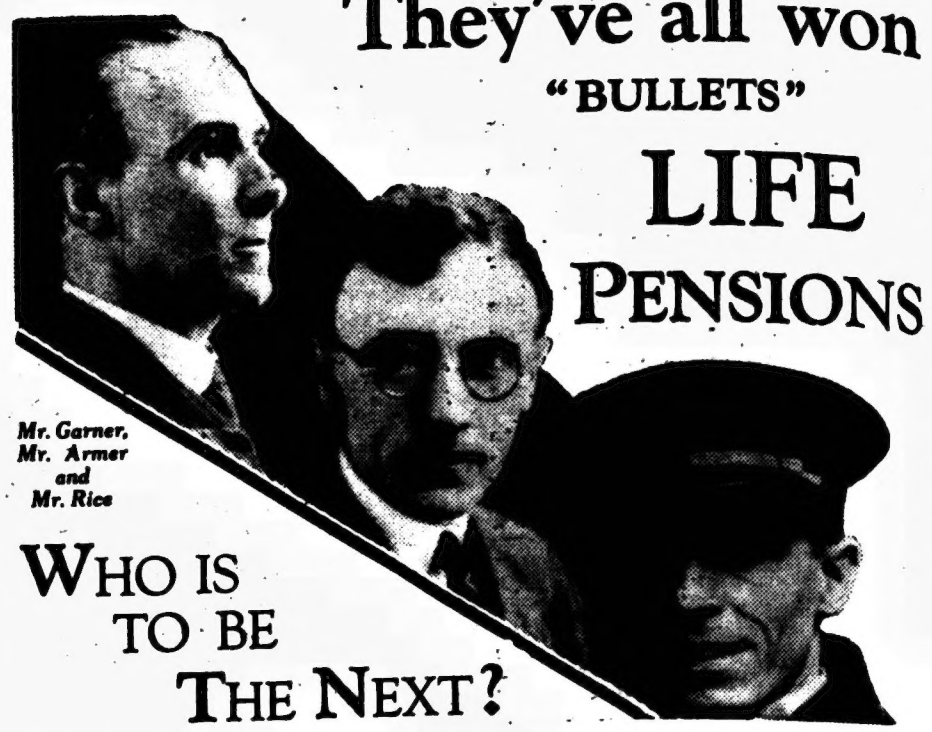
..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 21/1/33.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW YEAR GIFT OFFER

See Page 2

They've all won "BULLETS" LIFE PENSIONS



Mr. Garner, Mr. Armer and Mr. Rice

WHO IS TO BE THE NEXT?

ALREADY JOHN BULL is posting Life Pension Cheques every Friday to six "Bulleteers." Above you see just three of this happy circle of Pensioners on whom the postman calls each Saturday with a substantial cheque from Long Acre.

There is Mr. S. H. Garner, 81, Sydenham Place, Bradford. His £3 a week for life was won in March, 1929, and his topical *Bullet*, neatly commenting on the King's seaside convalescence at that time, was—OUR SAILOR KING—"EYES WATER" WITH GRATITUDE.

There is Mr. T. Armer, 41, Menzies Street, Liverpool, a booking-clerk. Ever since October, 1929, he has received £5 every Saturday, and by *1953* he will have gathered over £5,000 cash for his *Bullet*, HUMANITY DEMANDS — PRIVACY — "LOOK INTO" SLUMS!

There is Mr. A. W. Rice, the chauffeur winner of £12 a week for life, whose staggering success last November has enabled him to move from Queen's Mews, London, W., to a fine new home at 30, Grove Park, Kingsbury, N.W.9. His winning *Bullet* was—A HIGHWAYMAN—PESSIMISM—HOLD *Yourself* UP!

None of these winners, you will notice, had the added benefit of a big cheque as well as a Life Pension. But within the next few days, by entering a good *Bullet* on one of the coupons on the opposite page, you can capture not only £4 a week for life but £1,933 cash as well.

Grasp this opportunity whilst you can, making sure that your entry is in by Saturday, February 4.

OVER £900 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £500, COMPETITION No. 876.

Mr. C. B. ELVY, 23, Weston Road, Aston Clinton, Aylesbury.
Example:—PRETTY TOUGH
Bullet:—WHEN "TENDER" YEARS "UGLY."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. BAYMAN, 12, Hornby Street, Wigan.
Example:—Blazing Inferno
Bullet:—Creates Steel—"Steel Creates.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. J. GRAHAM, 35, South Side, Clapham Common, S.W.
Example:—This Year
Bullet:—Woman's—It's "Three Three."

20 PRIZES OF £6 EACH:

A. BOYES, 15, Suffolk Place, Ogmore Vale, Glam.
The Wolf—Has Litter—Invention 'Born." (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

G. BROADIST, jun., 60, Crocketts Road, Birmingham.
Accepting The Situation—Rehearsed, All Along Queue!

L. C. BUNTING, 5, Lower Outwoods Road, Burton-on-Trent.
Accepting The Situation—Are We? Ah, Well!

V. A. DONNELLY, c/o 16, Napier Street, Salford.
Bunkum—Love Story, Not Love's. (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

T. S. FEAKINS, 31, Hambrough Road, Southall, Middx.
Blazing Inferno—Head? "Jump Into Blankets"!

Mrs. F. M. FIDLER, Castlenau, Hill Farm Road, Marlow, Bucks.
Trick Of Fate—Often Spoiling "Life's Magic."

J. GILROY, 2, Hawley Terrace Eccleshill, Bradford.
This Year—Atone—Attune—And Attain!

G. GREEN, 12, Civic Gardens, Mile Cross, Norwich.
Ruling The Roost—At Last, "Hereby Revoking—"

G. A. GREEN, 4, Cecil Terrace, Stamford, Lincs.
Dismal Failure—Resolutions, As Days Succeed.

J. E. HARDY, 29, King Edward Avenue, Mansfield.
At Britain's Door—Fish—At Fisherman's, "Wolf."

J. L. HOLT, 31, Mabfield Road, Fallowfield, Manchester.
Fine Collection—Our Relations, If Scattered!

C. J. JAMES, 45, Wind Street, Swansea.
Pretty Tough—First "Bite" Off Charity.

G. JONES, 62, Southcote Road, Bournemouth.
Right Road—Not "Being Walked On." (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Miss E. MOLESWORTH, 1/12, Gt. Russell Street, Birmingham.
Trick Of Fate—If Auntie Leads Correctly!

W. T. PEARCE, 5, Bethune Avenue, Friern Barnet N.
Pretty Tough—Pit *Visitor* Thinks Himself.

A. J. PETERSON, "Oakdene," Banstead Road, Belmont Surrey.
Champion Optimist — Father — Mother's "Splendid Second." (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

H. STANWORTH, 8, Dorset Street, Bradford.
Right Road—Wife's First Husband "Travelled."

F. STEGGLES, 14, Albert Road, Brightlingsea.
Easy To See Through—Me, Unless "Opening" Forthcoming.

E. THACKERAY, 11, Cairns Road, Sheffield.
Right Road—Apathy's "Drift" May Block.

A. A. THOMAS, 8, Holland Villas Road, London, W.
Pretty Tough—Modern Girl—Pity Toughs!

A list of 100 winners of New Year 4-in-1 prizes and 500 2/6 winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for £2,250 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 875 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. W. Gregg and Sons, Ltd., 31, High Street, Sunderland.

The £200 Bonus offered to Bullets Bulletin readers in connection with Competition No. 875 has been divided between 106 claimants, each receiving £1 17s. 9d.

FREE HELP

Send this coupon for a twelve weeks supply of our free weekly *Bullets Bulletin*. Its valuable hints may bring you this week's enormous First Prize.

I enclose 6d. Postal Order No.....(crossed "& Co." and made payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on twelve issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

WIN THIS STAGGERING CASH-PLUS-PENSION PRIZE

'BULLETS' Colossal 2-IN-1 FIRST

£1,933 CASH and £4

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £3,500

MAKE 1933 YOUR GOLDEN YEAR!

EVERY SATURDAY FOR LIFE

MUST BE WON By... SAT. FEB. 4

OTHER AWARDS
£150 SECOND £50 THIRD
10 of £5
10 of £2·10
25 of £1, 1,000 of 2/6
2,000 RED SEAL TARGETS
10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

AND ENORMOUS DISTRIBUTION OF 1933 BIG NEW PRIZES EACH ALLOWING WINNER 9 FREE ENTRY COUPONS OR 2/6 CASH

HOW TO WIN £1,933 AND LIFE PENSION

HUNDREDS of competitors win with first attempts at *Bullets*—remember that, if you are new to this absorbing contest in which JOHN BULL offers you a colossal two-in-one prize of £1,933 cash and £4 a week for life!

First read through the *Examples* given and jot down any ideas that strike you in connection with them. In this way you gather the raw material, which you have next to fashion into neat *Bullets*.

Now for the all-important phrasing. The words of your *Bullet* may number TWO, THREE or FOUR—neither more nor less. And it is for you to arrange them in neat and telling fashion, so that in conjunction with the *Example* chosen you produce some apt and original comment.

For instance, against the *Example* TRIUMPHAL MARCH you might at first jot down the rough idea INSPIRING, BUT APT TO ENCOURAGE MILITARISM. Focussing that idea down into a *Bullet*, you might produce the finished effort—TRIUMPHAL MARCH—STIRS BLOOD—LATER, SPILLS

Before you start on the *Examples*, however, study carefully the winning *Bullets* printed on the opposite page. Then for your own assault on this Mighty 1933 Prize. Within the next half-hour one of your jottings may produce a First Prize *Bullet* which will end your troubles for ever.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

☞ **Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 880, "John Bull" Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(880) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Feb. 4
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(880) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Feb. 4
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

Cut out each coupon separately. Post early if possible.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(880) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Feb. 4
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE" BELOW

BRITAIN'S BALANCE
THE CHANCELLOR'S PROBLEM
TO RIGHT THE WRONG
WE'VE PAID UP, BUT
THROWN TO THE WINDS
WHEN I'VE GOT A JOB
TAUGHT HER A LESSON
GRANDMOTHER'S FUNERAL
SHE CHANGED HER MIND AND
LOST IN THE DESERT
SHOWING HIM THE DOOR
TRIUMPHAL MARCH
THE KEY
AMERICA

HARD-HEARTED
WARNING THE WORLD
DRIVEN TOO FAR
HER LOVE
SURE TO WIN
POLITICAL PLUMBER
NEEDED TO-DAY
MODERN RALEIGH
ROUGH AND READY
CLEARLY
ONE IN THE EYE
DOES FOR US
MIGHTY OCEAN

LIFE'S STORY
DEPENDS ON MOTHER
WILLING HORSE
JOINING THE ARMY
HUSBANDS
DIRT CHEAP
WHEN EMPTY
SUFFERING
STRIKING OIL
SHE PROPOSED
POISON GAS
DOWN AND DOWN
ICY BLAST

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—First, £10; Second, £3; Third, £2.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(880) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Feb. 4
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(880) P.O No.
Closing SAT., Feb. 4
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(880) P.O No.
Closing SAT., Feb. 4
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s.
Signed
Address

I Told You THEN
I PROVE it NOW

In Irrefutable FACTS & FIGURES

"Yeast-Vite" BRAND TONIC is 99.948% SUCCESSFUL

"I TOLD YOU IN 1929 *that 'Yeast-Vite' was the most Wonderful Tonic the World had ever seen!*

"I TOLD YOU IN 1930 *that the 'Yeast-Vite' way to Buoyant Health and Vigour was an EASY ONE!*

"I TOLD YOU IN 1931 *that you could benefit in a FEW MINUTES or a few HOURS according to your complaint!*

"I TOLD YOU IN 1932 *that if you were 'Nervy,' in Pain, or Out-of-Sorts your VITAL need was 'Yeast-Vite'!*

"NOW, IN 1933 *I PROVE by an Official Certificate that YEAST-VITE is 99.948% Successful."*

NOW if you are Run-Down, Nervy, Poor in Health, Depressed or Sleepless,

NOW if you are Agonised by Pain, Worried by Impure Blood, Half Starved by Indigestion, or Distressed by Biliousness,

NOW if you are living a 'Half Life' in the Shadows of Suffering,

YOU simply cannot pass by unheeded the unassailable **FACT** that **out of every ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE Bottles of Yeast-Vite Brand Tablets sold since August 1st, 1928, 1,948 brought complete and unqualified Health Satisfaction!**

Consider the significance of this sweeping and conclusive victory! Pause just for one moment and **think** what it means to **you!**

Never before has a popular remedy so completely and so absolutely justified its claims.

Never before have such definite and decisive **facts** and **figures** been published broadcast to the World.

They are amazing! They are staggering! They are overwhelming! They represent the most crushing defeat of Poor Health ever revealed to the public at large!

Were this victory concerned with only **one** health trouble it would be wonderful enough!

If it represented the complete conquest of **TWO** health troubles it would be **MORE** than marvellous!

But it is **MORE** than that—far greater, far more all-embracing than **anybody** could ever have imagined. For these Yeast-Vite figures deal with not one, or two, or even a few, but with **DOZENS** of common daily complaints!

QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS -	*Glorious Relief*	IN 5'15 MIN.
HEADACHES - -	*Deliverance*	IN 5'15 MIN.
LASSITUDE - -	*Vim & Vigour*	IN 10'20 MIN.
DEPRESSION -	*Buoyant Energy*	IN 10'20 MIN.
"NERVES" - -	*Steadiness*	IN 10'20 MIN.
INDIGESTION -	*Keen Appetite*	IN 15'30 MIN.
EXHAUSTION -	*Animation*	IN 15'30 MIN.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	IN 30'60 MIN.
RHEUMATISM -	*Pain Relief*	IN 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	IN 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	IN 36 HOURS

So Powerful is Yeast-Vite's beneficial effect upon the body that **PAIN** vanishes in a few minutes, **DEPRESSION** is changed to Buoyancy, **EXHAUSTION** is replaced by Energy, **INDIGESTION** ceases to torture you!

A New Hope fills your heart—a New Joy in life fills your mind—a New Strength pervades your body—a New Power is poured into your Nerves—a New Vitality is given to your Blood, and a New Alertness to your Brain!

I tell you **AGAIN** that Yeast-Vite is life!

I ask you once more whether you are content to go on suffering!

I urge you with all the eloquence at my command to accept **NOW—TO-DAY—THIS MINUTE,** the Great Health Offer of No Cure—No Pay!

OFFICIAL CERTIFICATE

We hereby certify that the number of bottles of Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets distributed during the period from August 1st, 1928, to July 31st, 1932, compared with the bottles returned under the Company's No-Cure —No Pay Guarantee shows that **99.948% produced ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY RESULTS.** The actual figures for each separate year are as follows:

YEAR ENDED:	
July 31st, 1929	- 99.943%
" " 1930	- 99.948%
" " 1931	- 99.954%
" " 1932	- 99.942%

F. HEMSLEY, *General Manager.*
P. G. HUNT, *Sales Manager.*

NO CURE NO PAY!

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE" return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded without quibble or question.

All Chemists, 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

T.C.B.

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